

Malice Defeated:

Or a Brief Relation of the Accusation and Deliverance of

Elizabeth Cellier,

Wherein her Proceedings both before and during her Confinement, are particularly Related, and the Mystery of the *Meal-Tub* fully discovered.

Together with an Abstract of her Arraignment and Tryal, written by her self, for the satisfaction of all Lovers of undisguized Truth.



Pfal. 35. 11, 12. False witnesses did rise up against me, they laid to my charge things that I knew not.

They rewarded me Evil for Good, to the spoiling of my Soul.

Pfal. 7. 14, 16. Behold he Travelleth with Iniquity, and conceived Mischief, and brought forth Falsehood.

His Mischief shall return upon his own Head; and his violent Dealing shall come down upon his own Pate.

LONDON, Printed for Elizabeth Cellier, and are to be sold at her House in Arundel-street near St. Clements Church, 1680.

Malice Defeated:

Or a Brief Relation of the

Accufation and Deliverance

O F

Elizabeth Cellier.

I Hope it will not seem strange to any Honest and Loyal Person, of what way or Religion soever, that I being born and bred up under Protestant Parents, should now openly profess my self of another Church.

For my Education being in those times, when my own Parents and Relations, for their constant and faithful *affection to the King and Royal Family, were Persecuted*, the King himself Murthered, the Bishops and Church destroy'd, the whole *Loyal party merely for being so, oppress'd and ruin'd*; And all as was pretended by the Authors of these villanies, for their being Papists and Idolaters, the constant Character given by them, *to the King and his friend, to make them odious*, they assuming to themselves, only the Name of Protestants, making that the Glorious title by which they pretended right to all things.

These sort of Proceedings, as I grew in understanding, produc'd in me more and more Horror of the party that committed them, and put me on Inquiry into that Religion, to which they pretended the greatest Antipathy, wherein I thank God, I found my Innate Loyalty, not only Confirm'd, but Incourag'd, *and let Callumny, say what it will*; I never heard from any Past as they call them, *Priest nor lay-Man*, but that they and I, and all true Catho^{li}cks, owe our lives to the defence of our Lawful King, which our Present Sovereign Charles the Second is, whom God long and happily preserve so.

These sorts of Doctrines agreeing to my Publick Morralls, and no way as ever I was taught, contradicting my Private ones, Commending at the same time to me, Charity and Devotion, I without any scruple, have hitherto followed Glorifying to my self to be in Communion with those who were the humble Instruments of his Majesties happy Preservation, from the fatal Battel at *Worcester*, and whom though poor, no Temptation could invite, to betray him to those, who, by a pretended Protestant principle, sought his Innocent blood.

These truths I hope may satisfy any indifferent person in my first Change, nor can they wonder at my continuance therein, notwithstanding the Horrid Crimes of Treason and Murther laid to the Charge of some

persons Considerable, for their quallity and fortunes in that party.

For when I reflected *who were the witnesses*, and what unlikely things they deposed, and observ'd, that many of the chiefest Sticklers for the Plot, were those, or the Sons of those, that Acted the principal parts in the last Trajedy, which History told me too, had the Prologue of a pretended Popish Plot.

I say, these things made me doubtful of the whole; and the more I search'd for truth, the more I doubted that the old Enemies of the Crown were again at work for its destruction.

I being fully confirm'd in this, thought it my duty, through all sorts of hazards, to relieve the Poor Imprison'd Catholicks, who in great numbers were lock'd up in Goales, starving for want of bread, and this I did some Months before I ever saw the Countess of *Powis*, or any of those Honourable persons that were accused, or receiving one penny of their money directly or indirectly, till about the latter end of *January*, (78) the Prisoners increasing very much, and being in great wants, I went at the request of *Captaine Pugh*, then in prison, with his Letter to her Ladiship, to make known their condition, and also to shew her a Letter written by *Titus Oates* his own hand, being

A Narrative

Of *Oates* and *Beddo's* acquaintance in *Spain*, and how *Beddo*, under the name of the Lord *Garrard*, Robb'd *Oates* of ten peices of eight, which he said was all he had, and had quite undone him. And also, how *Beddo* cheated Master *Franclyn* the Merchant at *Bilbo*, of three hundred Doubloons at 18s. per Doubloon, and in his way to *Bruges* Robb'd a poor Priest of four Royals, which he says, is about Eight-pence *English*, and cruelly beat him, because he had no more money, and after that, the same day, Robb'd a Poor *Franciscan* Fryer of his bread and cheese, and that there were writs out in the nature of an Hue and Cry to take him; And that the said *Oates*, though quite ruined by the Loss of his money, yet was not half so much griev'd at it, as for the dishonour that was thereby done to the whole *English* Nation.

This Letter was read before the King and Council the last time Master *Medborn* was brought thither, and by him, delivered to his Grace the Duke of *Lautherdale*, in whose hands it still remains.

I also gave her Ladiship an account, that the most part of the foregoing year, *Beddo* lay Prisoner in the common side in the *Marshalseas*, and was fed out of the *Alms Basket*, having sold his linnen, and other necessaries, to the Sutler for bread and drink.

After this, her Ladiship taking the distressed condition of the Prisoners into her Consideration, through her Pious and Charitable Endeavors, there was a weakly Charity collected, of which, I had the disposing, but was so far from the diverting any part thereof, that I still went out of Purse, of which truth, both the Prisoners and others have been very sensible since my Imprisonment.

About this time I went daily to the Prisons to perform those offices of Charity I was oblig'd to. And on *Thursday*, *January* the 9th (78) I Din'd in *Newgate* in the Room called the Castle on the Masters side Debtors,

Debtors, and about four in the Afternoon, I came down into the Lodge with five Women, of which three were Protestants, and we all heard Terrible Groans and Squeeks which came out of the *Dungeon*, called the Condemn'd hole. I Asked *Harris* the Turnkey, what Dole-full cry it was, he said, it was a woman in Labour. I bid him put us into the *Room* to her, and we would help her, but he drove us away very rudely, both out of the Lodge, and from the door; we went behind the Gate, and there Lissened, and soon found that it was the voice of a strong Man in Torture, and heard, as we thought, between his groans, the winding up of some Engine: these Cries, stop'd the passengers under the Gate, and we six went to the Turners shop without the Gate, and stood there amazed with the Horror, and dread of what we heard; when one of the officers of the Prison came out in great hast, seeming to run from the Noise.

One of us catcht, hold of him, saying, Oh! What are they doing in the Prison.

Officer. I dare not tell you.

Mistress. It's a Man upon the Rack, He lay my life on't.

Officer. It is something like it.

Cellier. Who is it *Prance*?

Officer. Pray Madam do not Ask me, for I dare not tell ye; but it is that I am not able to heare any Longer. Pray let me go, with that he Run away toward *Holborn* as fast as he could.

We heard these groans perfectly to the end of the *Old Bayly*, they Continued till near seven of the Clock, and then a person in the habit of a Minister, of middle stature, Gray hair'd, accompanied with two other Men, went into the Lodge, the Prisoners were Lock'd up, and the outward door of the Lodge also, at which I set a person to stand, and observe what she could; and a Prisoner loaded with Irons, was brought into the Lodge, and examin'd a long time, and the Prisoners that came down as low as they could, heard the person Examined with great vehemency, say often, *I know nothing of it, I am Innocent: he forc'd me to tell myself, What would you have me say? Will you murder me because I will not betray myself and others?*

Several other such like Expressions they heard spoken as by one in great Agony. About four of the Clock the next morning, the Prisoners that lay in a Place above the hole, heard the same Cry again two houres, and on *Saturday* Morning again, and about Eight a Clock that morning a person I employ'd to spy out the truth of that affair, did see the Turnkeys carrying a Bed into the hole, she asked whoe it was for, they told her, it was for *Prance*, who was gone Mad, and had tore his bed in peices. That night the Examiners came again, and after an houres Conference, *Prance* was led away to the *Press-yard*: This, and many things of the like nature, made me very Inquisitive to know what pass'd in the Prison.

Soon after this, *Francis Corral* a Coach-man, that had been put into *Newgate*, upon suspicion of carrying away *Sir Edmond-Bury-Godfreys* body, and lay there 13 weeks and three days in great misery, got out, I went to see him, and found him a sad spectacle, having the flesh worn away, and great holes in both his legs, by the weight of his Irons. And having been Chain'd so long double, that he could not stand upright; he told me much of his hard and cruel usage, as that he had been Squeez'd and hasped into a thing

like a Trough, in a Dungeon under ground; which put him to inexpressible torment, insomuch that he foonded, and that a Person in the habit of a *Minister* stood by all the while. That a *Duke* beat him, Pull'd him by the Hair, and set his drawn Sword to his breast three times, and swore he would run him through; and another great *Lord*, laid down a heap of Gold, and told him it was five hundred Pounds, and that he should have it all, and be taken into the aforesaid *Dukes* house, if he would confess what they would have him; and one *F.* a Vintner, that lives at the sign of the Half-moon in *Ch-fi* by whose contrivance he was accus'd, took him aside, and bid him name some person, and say, they employ'd him to take up the dead body in *Somerset-yard*, and gave him money for so doing; that if he would do this, both *F* and he, should have money enough. He also told me, that he was kept from *Thursday* till *Sunday* without victuals or drink, having his hands every Night Chain'd behind him, and being all this time lock'd to a Staple which was driven into the Floor, with a Chain not above a yard long, that in this great extremity, was forc'd to drink his own water; and that the Jaylor beat his Wife, because she brought victuals, and prayed that he might have it, and threw Milk on the ground, and bid her be gone, and not look at him, &c. For the readers further satisfaction of his great and cruel sufferings, I refer to the Party himself now living in *Gunpowder-Ally* in *Shoe-Lane*, and well known by his misfortunes.

After this, hearing that *Mary White* had been much abus'd, and though big with Child, several ways tortur'd in the Prison, and lay only for want of her Fees, I paid them, hoping to find out the truth by that means; she told me of many crueltys that were daily used in the *Goal*, and that there was a person there that by misfortune had been Catch'd in the Company of Coyners, and though wholly Innocent, had been cruelly used, because, as she said, he was a Catholick, and for a week together had worn a pair of Sheers that weighed forty Pound, because he would not go up to the *Chappel*. That this person had made it his business to inspect the usage of the Prisoners, and had drawn up *Articles* against the Keepers.

About the tenth of *April* (79) I went to the Grate at *Newgate* to speak with him, he was in Irons and Raggs, and said his Name was *Willanby*, and that he was Nephew to a person of Quality I knew of that name; And with great bemoanings told me, that being just come from *Flanders*, he was Lodg'd by Chance in a house where *Coiners* Lodg'd; he was taken among them on Suspition, and though acquitted at the Sessions, yet the disgrace had so displeas'd his Uncle, that he would do nothing for him, and he having no Parents nor Freinds, was in great danger of Perishing there, and in very humble and religious words begg'd my Charity, and gave me the following

Articles

*A Brief Account of the Tyrannical Barbarisme
inflicted on the Kings Prisoners in his Maje-
sties Goal of Newgate.*

THe deteyning of prisoners for Fees without limitation, and may till death yield more favour then a stupified Jaylor, and all this after they have taken the benefit of his Majesties Most Gracious Free Pardon.

The taking 3s. 6d. per week for Lodging when the Statute allows but 2d per night or thereabouts, which if not paid, the persons indebted must immediately to the Common-side, and there be deteyned (as many have been) till they are starved, notwithstanding their being acquitted by Proclamation in open Court.

The shackling and lading of all persons committed with Irons, whose weight is without pity (from the Jaylor) to the intent they should give Summes of money to purchase particular ease, which all persons cannot do, and those (of all) are most miserable.

The mercenary Intregues of the Jaylor, which are beyond the thoughts of Christians, are thus, when any Prosecutor comesto view a prisoner in Custody, and knowes him to be the person for whom he sought, the prisoner is by the Jaylor forthwith sent for, who questions his ability, and if he finds sufficient to satisfy his Avarice, he promises to secure him with life against Justice, by vertue of his interest in the Recorder, but if poor, Joynes with the Prosecutor to the same intent, either to the hazard of the Prisoners life, or at least a tedious Confinement.

The unlegal deteyning of another sort of Persons which have pleaded his Majesties Pardon of Transportation, and according to the forme thereof have given in bayl to transport themselves in 8 months which is the time limited in the said Pardon, which persons, notwithstanding their being bail'd, are still detained, and often till the time be expired, which make the Jaylors Market with the Merchant, and inflaves the persons, or at least creates Vice instead of Reformation, and converts the money to his own use.

The debarring Prisoners liberty of Conscience, and compelling them to go 3 or 4 pair of staires to Chappel, (as the Jaylor calls it) but as it will otherwise appeare to be seen by strangers, (through Grates like the Loins at the Tower) who give money to the Jaylor for the same, which persons are so severely tortured, that is not to be thought, and that with such Irons as (in Jaylors language) are called shears, which are in weight 40 or 50 lb, and a yard in length, with one legge fixed at one end, and the other at the other end, which barbarous Engine produces such torture, that the persons on smooth ground can move but 3 or 4 inches at a time, this is his pretence to secure his Prisoners.

The putting of persons which are Debtors to the Crown, in the place he used to secure condemned Prisoners, and that for not wrighting this following superscription on a letter (to the worshipful William Richardson Esquire)

Mary Middleton.

Susan Wallace.

T. Willoughby.

Mary White.

Mary Middleton.

John Whitehand.

Robert Ball.

James Douglas.

T. Willoughby.

John Whitehand.

Mary White.

John Player.

Tho. Willoughby.

William Leigh.

Anne Sutton.

Tho. Willoughby.

Judeth Collingson.

Elizabeth Evans.

Mary Porter.

Tho. Willoughby.

Mary White,

and others.

Jane Middleton.

Mary White.

Charles Parker.

T. W.

To this Part

T. W. onely.

Jane Middleton.

Magdalen Clench.

Jos. Mallore.

T. W.

Esquire) there to be laden with Bolts, and continued without food or sustenance during the worshipful Jailors pleasure.

bn Whitehand.
rs. Whitehand.
Elizabeth Golding.
T. W.
The separating a wife from her husband, and all manner of friends and relations, as well from sick persons, as others, which they do to compel such persons as are desirous to see their friends, to give money before they be admitted.

. W. only to this
That all persons whatsoever are carefully searched, as they come in, lest they should bring in such goods or provisions, as are by his Worship prohibited. And that he takes care with his Subbs, to be very diligent in such search, for the better creating a Vend for his own goods, which are so bad, that it often times breeds distempers, and so small a quantity for money, that unless Prisoners are more then well stored with money, poverty strikes in to their great detriment.

Mary White.
Jane Middleton.
Joseph Mallorey.
John Whitehand.
T. W.
That about the 8th of March last, a person whose name was Robert Thompson died, and is to be apparently made out, that it was for want of Food, as his Corps also signifies, which was an absolute Skeleton, and that within the space of 24 hours Contr. for Stat. the Jaylor disposes of him as he thought most fit, and that without any Coroner to enquire of his Death, and to give an account of the said Subject to our Sovereign Lord the King, &c.

Dorothy Ramsey.
That the Jaylor ordered his Subbs to Punish or privately Torture with Thumb-Scruves, the Person of Dorothy Ramsey, to the intent she should discover the manner of Owen Hursts escape, who was her Husband.

William Leigh.
Jane Middleton.
John Zeal.
T. W.
The Jaylors Extortion on the Kings Prisoners, after his Majesty has of his bounty and goodness extended his gracious free Pardon, comes to the Prisoners incerted therein, (the said Pardon Signed and Sealed) and tells, if they, or as many as can, will raise such a certain Sum, he will assure them a Pardon, others which cannot, are by his base juggling left only as Convicts for Transportation; and that for want of Money, thus are the Laws of the Realm, and his Majesties pleasure to his poor Subjects, violated, and to make the Jaylors Market, which is as usual with him, as with our most Clement Prince to extend his Mercy.

Mary White the
Midwife.
Several Prisoners
and others.
The close confinement of Prisoners without Relief or Sustenance, as particularly one Mary White, who for the space of seven weeks, was close confined from all conversation, as well of Husband, as other near Relations; and not only burthen'd with excessive Irons on both Leggs, but for two days together, kept from any Victuals or other sustenance; and after this, was by the Jaylors order, removed to a Room call'd the Condemn'd Room, and there for six weeks more kept with the Irons on her Legs, and though big with Child to the Goalers certain knowledge, yet did he cause her to be put in the Bilboes, and bouted her hands down to the ground with Staples of a great bigness; by which inhumane and immoderate torments she was so afflicted, that her Child died soon after it was born, occasioned, as Oath will be made by the usage aforesaid; and this done merely to enforce her to accuse her self and others of Crimes they imagined her and them guilty of.

Mary White the
Midwife.
Several Prisoners
and others.
That about a year since was in custody, as a convict for Transportation, one Elizabeth Edms, who had given in Bayl to the Recorder to Transport her self, according to the form of the Pardon; but was so indebted to the Goaler,

Goal, as he pretended, that she could not raise moneys for the same, where-upon *Richarason* sends for the said *Evans*, and often requested her to refer her self to him, (to the end he might make good his Market with the Merchant) which she did, but when he brought a Master of a Vessel to take the said *Evans* away, she refused to go, and told the Goaler, he promised to give her the Fees and turn her out; but that now she did perceive 'twas only to expose her to Sale, which she would not consent to, upon which refusal, the Jaylor forthwith ordered her to the Condemn'd Room, there to be double Iron'd, and kept without sustenance, or any converse, till his farther Order, which came not in two days, then he himself examined her again, whether she would consent, but she refused, and then the Jaylor thought fit to employ some other Engines of his Tyranny, amongst which, was a certain thing (by him) call'd a Cap of Maintenance, which was fixed to her head with a thing like the Rowel of a Spur, being put into her Mouth, cleaves to the Roof with such extream Torture, that is not to be exprest; this the Woman endured several times, till at last, by making her Address to some good people, and telling the manner of her usage, they did contribute to the Goalers demands, and so she with great difficulty obtained her Liberty.

That the Jaylor has suffer'd persons after a Commitment, to go forth with a Keeper and Steal, to the intent of satisfying his Avarice incest: of which the said Prisoner was taken, and the second time committed without any discharge from the first Commitment.

The Persons whose Names are on the Margent, either are or have been Sufferers in this, or some part of this kind, which may be easily produced to give Testimony according to the Truth, and no more.

Jane Voss.
The Jaylor's own
Entries in his
Book of Commit-
ments for the 7th
Month in the year
1667.

These Articles were put into Parliament that *April*, and they with the Prisoners Case, were refer'd to the Judges, where they still remain; and the poor Prisoners are yet in hopes, that their Honours will find a time to Examine both, some there affirming, there have been many more cruel things acted in that Mansion of Horror, as the Story they tell of one Captain *Clarke*, who being Prisoner only for Debt, was lock'd up in a little dark hole two Days and two Nights, having no other company but the Quarters of two Executed persons, the extream stench of which, had perhaps kill'd him, had he not took the miserable relief of holding a foul Chamber-Pot to his Nose.

Upon my receipt of the Articles, I gave *Willoughby* two shillings six pence, for which he was very thankful, saying, *He had eaten nothing in two days*; and upon his frequent solicitations for Relief, I did send him at several times, whilst he was in *Newgate*, sixteen shillings, and no more, till the day he went out, and then I sent him money to pay his Fees by my Maid *Margaret Jenkins*, and did pay sixteen shillings by her hand to fetch his Coat out of Pawn.

And about that time, having been told by Mr. *Kemish*, then Prisoner in the Kings-Bench, that *William Stroud* there Prisoner, pretended to know much of the Plot, and had Papers in his Custody, that would prove *Beddo's* actions to be Villany, and a Letter of *Beddo's* one hand writing, expressing he knew no more of the Plot, but what he had from his old acquaintance

rance Mr. Oates; nor did he ever see Sir *Edmundbury Godfrey* alive or dead, and that it was very easie for him the said *Stroud*, to be instructed, and become the Kings Evidence, if he were willing.

A Copy of this Letter *Stroud* gave to Mr. *Keymish*, and I received it from him, he saying moreover, That *Stroud* told him, that the Earle of S. was instructing of him, and setting him up for a new Evidence, and in order to it, did daily send one *Johnson* a Servant of his Lordships, to meet him in the Lodge, as many persons are ready to testifie upon Oath; and that the said *Johnson* frequently brought him money, with promises of Pardon for the Murther he was then Condemn'd for, and promised him *Great Preferments* if he would *sware stoutly* what he should be instructed in; but that the said *Stroud* said, he would not Forswear himself for all the world, but when he was Sworn for a Witness, he would tell the Truth, and discover all *Bedao's Villany*.

I believing this to be meer Roguery, invented to insnare Mr. *Keymish* and Mr. *Anderson*, did pay *Willoughbys* alias *Dangerfields* Fees in *Newgate*, intending to set him upon the discovery of it, and he being at that Instant arrested, I removed him by *Habeas-Corpus* to the *Kings Bench*, and sent my Maid *Margeret* to him to bid him get acquainted with *Stroud*, and use his utmost Endeavour to obtaine a sight of the Papers, and find out the truth of the transactions between the Earle of S.--- and *Stroud*. *Wil. loughby* then acknowledged that he had been a Criminal, but exprest much sorrow for his past Crimes, and made great protestations of future Amendment, saying, that *Stroud* and he had been long acquainted, and that they often had been a Robbing together, and he Doubted not to Effect what I desired. And in order to it, would keep him company, and every day set down what he could get out of him.

On the 12th of May he was carried to the Bench, and on the 20th sent me this following account of that affaire by *Margaret Jenkins*.

May the 13th, *Stroud* did acquaint me, that about 15 years since he knew *Bedlow*, who was then servant to *Alderman Blackwel* of *Bristol*, and was so Poor, he had scarce Shooes and Stockings to his Feet; but *Strode* denies he ever see *Bedlow* since, till he and *Oates* came to the *Kings-Bench* to view the Prisoners, and once since that Mr. *Bedlow* came with his Brother, who was the night after wounded. He denies the holding of any correspondence with Mr. *Bedlow* either by Letter or otherwise, but sayes that one *Philip Marsh* (who is either a friend or a Servant to Mr. *Bedlow*) is his friend (that is to say, *Strodes* friend) and that they said *Philip Marsh* has often sent Letters to *Strode*, in which Letters, it has been desired that the answers thereto should be left at *Bedlows* lodging; but the Contents of the said Letters either were not worth while to repeat, or he was unwilling so to do.

May the 14. 1679. *Strode* told me this day, that *Bedlows* occasion of giving him Money was to the intent he should conceal something he knew of *Bedlow*, which if discovered, would be of consequence enough to hang him, if prosecuted on the same; and the sumes which *Bedlow* sent him was the greater, for that *Strode* should take particular notice of the behaviour of the Priests which are here, and who they did correspond with; which *Strode* has done, and has sent some to follow divers persons which have

have come to Mr. *Anderson*, which persons and their abodes, are as *Strode* sayes, well enough known, and hereupon swore, *Damn his soul*, if they should not be better known if ever he could obtain his liberty.

May the 15 *Strode* acquainted me, that either his business was either past, or in great probability so to be; and when he could get his enlargement, there were some in the world should soon feel the effects of his fury: But amongst the rest, Mr. *Anderson*, who as *Strode* said, was very uncertain of ever being so near his liberty; but if there be ever any probability for *Andersons* liberty, *Strode* makes no doubt but to prevent the same. By this I find *Strodes* thoughts to be laden with venome (as having been thwarted in his temper by some of the *Catholicks*) and to his power he designs a Revenge on them, but for what I know not.

May the 16. *Strode* did this day acquaint me, that his wife had in a *Cabinet* at home in the Country, the original papers which concerned Mr. *Bedlow*, and when he can be at liberty to go home, he will be very brisk in exposing the said matters contained in the said papers to a publick view; but whilst he remains in custody, he will not impart the said matters to any person whatsoever, for that he will not bring himself under Mr. *Bedlows* Lash.

May the 17. *Strode* did tell me, that one Mr. *Johnson* (a Servant to the Right Honourable Earl of *Shaftsbury*) did often come to visit him, and bring him *Guineyes*, in order to the prevailing with him for to joyn Evidence with *Bedlow*: but *Strodes* answer was (as he informed me) that he would not perjure himself for Ten thousand worlds.

May the 18. *Jones* (*Strodes* Bedfellow) did inform me, that he had this day seen in *Strodes* hands some papers which did contain the whole matter of the Popish Plott, in a more plain manner than either *Oats* or *Bedlow* could make out.

And that the Earl of *Shaftsbury* servant (whose Name was Mr. *Johnson*) came often to *Strode*, to Court him to give his Testimony against the Lords in the Tower, and had offered *Strode* most considerable sums of money if he would do the same.

May the 19. *Jones* did tell me, *Strode* had in some discourse informed him, that *Bedlow* in the time of his Padding was entertained at *Strodes* house, and particularly when there had been a Robbery committed but a day before, and at the same time a Hue and Cry was all over the Country to apprehend him: And that it is not long since that *Strode* sent to his wife at *Sh-p-on Mallet* in the County of *Somerset*, for the Copies of some Writings which were in her Custody, which said writings, are the original of those he shewed *Jones*.

May the 20. *Jones* sayes, *Strode* has often prayed his advice what to do in a matter of such weighty Consequence as was to be made out from the aforesaid papers: *Jones* answered him, that in regard he was in Reversion of a good Estate, and had divers good and honorable Relations to support him, it would perhaps be much more both for his Credit and advantage to be silent in things of such a nature than to stir, unless he could make every particular thereof visible by a Lively Testimony. Upon which Advice *Strode* did promise to let it fall, rather than run the hazard of disobliging his Relations and Friends; and become altogether obnoxious:

The foregoing informations, written by *Willoughby's* own hand, were found between the Pewther in my Kitching by Sir *William Waller*, when he search'd my House, and by him Carry'd before the Lords of the Council; and as the Father of Lyes did once tell truth, so he hath incerted *this one truth* in his lying Narrative. But since it is the reward of Lyes, not to be believ'd when they do tell truth: That he may be Credited this once, I Print the Copies of the four following Depositions, which with many more I have to the same purpose, do all Confirm it.

Thomas Hill Gentleman maketh Oath, That *William Stroud*, Confederate with *Thomas Dangerfield*, did about June or July (19) very much Importune this Deponent to Joyne with him, the said *Stroud*, *Oates* and *Bedlow*, to be the Kings Evidence, and to swear that the Queen and their Royal Highnesses, the Duke and Dutches of York, and the Lords in the Tower, were Traytors, and Guilty of the Plot; and the said *Stroud* told this Deponent, that it should be worth two or three Thousand Pound to him, and his Liberty for so doing; and the said *Stroud* told this Deponent and several others, that the Earl of *Shaftsbury* sent him what money he would spend for the Carrying of the Plot against the Duke and Lords in the Tower: And that his Lordship sent a servant of his, call'd Mr. *Johnson*, to the said *Stroud* very often to Incourage and Drink with the said *Stroud* in the Lodge, and gave him money, as the said *Stroud* told me. There also came a Steward of his Lordships, call'd Mr. *Stringer* and Mr. *Edward Stroud*, to hear what the said *Stroud* would swear against the Duke and the Lords in the Tower before his Lordship would procure the said *Strouds* Pardon: Since then, the said *Stroud* hath made Affidavit to the same purpose, where he nameth his Royal Highness and the Dutches; and his Confederate *Dangerfield* got an order to bring this Deponent before *Stephen Harvey* and *Thomas Foster* Esq; his Majesties Justices of the Peace, about the 9th of December (79) to come and take an Affidavit of this Deponent, saying, the same would much Corroborate the Evidence the said *Dangerfield* had given concerning the Plot, and what the said *Stroud* had Deposed also, and that the said *Dangerfield* in pursuance thereof, did urge and perswade this Deponent to swear to the said *Strouds* Affidavit, and would not let this Deponent read the said *Strouds* Affidavit; but the said *Dangerfield* did both read the said *Strouds* Affidavit, and also write what this Deponent said, but he omitted reading that which concern'd the Duke and Dutches of York, and so thought to put a trick upon this Deponent, and bring him in as in Evidence against them, but that Justice *Foster* did Espie it, and ask'd this Deponent concerning the particulars relating to the Duke and Dutches, and then this Deponent truly swore he never heard their Names so much as mentioned concerning the Plot: Since that, the said *Dangerfield* hath set out a Narrative where he mentions this Deponents Name in several particulars, which is very false, he hath also sworn against Mr. *Anderson* in his tryal, where he mentions this Deponents Name to that which is very false. The 30th of January or thereabouts, *William Stroud* came to the Kings-Bench and told this Deponent before another Gentlemen, that if he had joyn'd with him *Dangerfield*, *Oates* and *Bedlow*, in giving in his Evidence against the Queen, Duke and Dutches, and Lords in the Tower, he had been free from all his Troubles, and his Debts paid; but since he did not do it, he

should

should suffer Imprisonment all his life, and in a worse Place; and that very night this Deponent was lock'd up in a little hole under Ground, and hath ever since been much oppress'd; and further this Deponent saith, he hath been very much perswaded not to appear at Mrs. Celliers tryal, and several have used means to the Contrary, but this Deponent being Subpena'd thereunto, is obliged to satisfy the truth therein, and will swear this Affidavit before a Judge, and carry it into Court, it being a brief of what he hath already sworn before Sir George Jeffreys.

Signed by

Tho. Hill.

June the 10th (80)

The above named *Thomas Hill* further Deposeth, that upon a Sunday in the Afternoon, a Steward of the *Earl of Shaftsbury's*, who did then live in *Aldersgate-street* (as *William Stroud* told me) and one Mr. *Edward Stroud* an Attorney in *Lincolns Inn*, came to the *Kings-Bench* to take the examination of Mr. *William Stroud* then a Prisoner, and after they had been Lock'd in a Chamber about two hours, they sent for me, to ask me some Questions relating to what the Prisoner had been Examined to, but I not answering their expectation, we parted.

And after my Lords Steward and Mr. *Edward Stroud* was gone, I asked the Prisoner Mr. *William Stroud*, how he could carry it so fairly with Mr. *Anderson*, when I knew he had given in Articles against him, he told me, he durst do no otherwise then what he did, because if he did not do it, the *Earl of Shaftsbury* would not get him his Pardon out, he being under a Reprieve for Murther at that time.

Tho. Hill.

The 14th of July (79)

I *Ann Moseley* do testify, that I have heard *William Stroud* often say, that he could hang *Bedlow* if he would, and that he was maintain'd by my Lord *Shaftsbury*, to come and Evidence against the Lords in the Tower: That *Johnson* my Lord *Shaftsbury's* Man, threatned him from my Lord *Shaftsbury*, that his Pardon should be obstructed, if he did not joyn evidence with *Bedlow* against the Lords, although he said, if he were subpoena'd in, as Infalibly he should, he would then declare my Lord *Shaftsbury's* proceedings with him.

Other times I have heard him swear, that being so Importun'd from my Lord *Shaftsbury*, by his man *Johnson*, he was now resolv'd to stick at nothing, nay for an hundred Pound, he would sacrifice his own Father and Mother. As for Mr. *Anderson*, I do believe that what he Alleadges against him, as offering him five hundred Guineys, is false, for to my knowledge, he always shun'd him as a Devil, knowing him from his first Imprisonment to be a great Rogue; but Mr. *Anderson* being an abstemious Melancholly Man, Drank nothing but small Beer, which *Strode* after a Debauch always Coveted, threatning, that he would hang him if he deny'd him; this I have often heard *Strode* swear: I have often seen *Johnson*, and been in his Company with *Strode*, as also seen moneys which *Johnson* and *Bedlow* gave him, to all this I am ready to swear, which I gave Mr. *Bedlow* Notice

of fix or seven Months since by letter, though perhaps he never receiv'd it by being out of Town, the Coppy of the Letter which I have by me will Evidence this that I affirm to be true.

Ann Moseley.

I *John Adderley*, do testify, That Mr. *Anderson* was never much concern'd in Mr. *Strodes* acquaintance, and the more reason I have to believe it, is, for that as he from the beginning of his Imprisonment had notice of *Strodes* being a great Rogue; so was he not backward of advising me and all he had a kindness for, to Shun *Strouds* Company; so that I look upon that story of Mr. *Andersons* offering him 500 Guineys to take off *Bedlows* Evidence, to be a meer fiction and revenge for dispossessing him of his Chamber, and indeed, *Stroud* is so great an abstract of Debauchery and Villainy, and hath always been reputed for such, that no Man of any tollerable reputation ever vallued his word or his oath, and that this is the truth, I willingly subscribe, being ready to Attest the same upon Oath.

John Adderley.

January 14. 1679.

I being often in the company of *William Strode*, amongst other Discourses, hapning to talk of the Rise of some Men, he the said *William Strode*, did often say, that they were beholden to their own Industry, and that if he were out of Prison, he would not make any scruple for an hundred Pounds to Sacrifice any Person, nay his Father for a considerable Reward; and that he was kept here for a Spie, as he said himself; and hath shewed me Silver and Gold, which he said he received from one Mr. *Johnson* the Earl of *Shaftsburys* man, and of one Mr. *Bedloe*, for such Service. Likewise the Marshal finding it fit to remove *Strode* out of his Chamber, and place Mr. *Anderson* in it, he was so transported with Rage, that he came into the Gallory to me, and swore that he would be Revenged: Nay, that he would Ruin Mr. *Anderson* with the first opportunity. And this I took the more notice of, because he hath Swore to me, that nothing Sacred should tie him to Truth or Lie, farther than to gratifie his Gain or Revenge, and Gloried in other Murthers he said he had Committed besides that he had his Pardon for, Which is the averment of a Person of unspotted Reputation, that is not willing to be expos'd in Print, but is ready to make Oath of it when thereto required.

These Testimonies I hope may satisfie an indifferent person, that *Dangerfield* once writ Truth.

After this, he frequently by *Margaret* and others, sent his humble Request to beg the Charity of his Inlargment, protesting that he never would attempt an ill thing again, but would get a Service, and take any pains for an honest Livelihood: And upon his reiterated Intreaties, I collected some moneys for him, and did pay Five Pounds to buy off the Debts he lay under, and not a Penny more, as appears by the General Releases from his Creditors, which were taken among his Papers, and carryed before the Council.

And the day he came out of Prison, I did give him, not Five pounds as he says, but 10. shillings, that he might not Steal for want of Bread, and at the *J. J. J.* Tryal, did employ him as a Messenger to go up and down to fetch

fetch Victuals and Drink for the Witnesſes, to wait on them, and to help them into Court, call Coaches, and other ſuch like Services, which he performed ſo well, that ſeveral perſons asked me, *whoſe diligent Footman he was*; for indeed, being in an old Frize-Coat lin'd with Blew, Blew Stockings and Breeches, and a Grey Hat tuckt up, to prevent flapping about his Ears, he could not well be taken for any other then an ill clad Footman, though now he be *Dubb'd Knight of the Poſt, and wear a Pearl in his Ear*, to ſhew that the Executioners were kind to him, and did not Nail his Ears to the Pillory, neither at *Salisbury, Wilton, Winborne*, nor any of the other places where he was Mounted upon the Wooden Engine, and peep'd through it like *Don Quickſhot* through his Helmit, when he was mounted upon *Reſinant*, and going to Encounter with the *Windmill*.

About that time I ſent for him to *Powis Houſe*, and there told him in the preſence of Mr. *Henry Nevil* alias *Paine*, that now I would put it into his power to be an honeſt Man, if he had a will to be ſo; and would get him either an Enſigns place under the Duke of *Monmouth*, who was then preparing to go to *Scotland*, or elſe an Imployment to go to Sea, he made choice of the latter, which while they would enquire; for my Husband having ſome Thouſands of Pounds due to him, which was ſo deſperate, that I could never make any thing of them; he told me he underſtood ſuch buſineſs, and doubted not to get in many of them if he had but a Suit of Cloaths, a Hat, and ſome few neceſſaries, that he might be in a condition to follow them, which he promiſed to do very diligently, I conſidering he could not wrong me, for that no perſon would pay money without my Husbands diſcharge: And that he having no other buſineſs but to perſue the Debtors, it was poſſible he might get in ſome of them; I agreed with him, that he ſhould have ſix ſhillings in the Pound for what he received, and did give him a Stuff Suit, a Hat, Shooes and Stockings, and a little Linnen, all which coſt about 3 l. 10 s. and accordingly he proceeded, and did get in ſome money, and Bail'd out ſeveral Priſoners, and very often would bring me News of the great Deſigns of the Factious, and that they talked Treason publickly in the Coffee-houſes, I encouraged him to keep them company, and learn what he could of their Practiſes, in order to diſcover them to his Maſteſty; and I having heard by ſome very Eminent among them, that hearded with them, only to break their Meaſures; That they had drawn Forces into the City whiſt his Maſteſty was Sick at *Windsor*, with intention to ſubvert the Government; and that if his Maſteſty had died, which at that time was the fears of the Loyal, and hopes of the Factious, They would have knock'd the Lord Mayor o'th' head, with ſuch Aldermen as would not Conform; and that by the help of their Partizans in thoſe places, they doubted not but to have been Maſters of the *Tower, Portſmouth, Dover, and Hull*, and moſt places of ſtrength within the Kingdom, and that the *Scots* would Advance to their help, with much more to the ſame Effect, which I gave in my Depoſitions before the Lords of his Maſteſty Privy Council.

And having been Inform'd by perſons to whom they had been proffer'd, that *Mansel* and *Waller*, did both offer Commiſſions to diſbanded Officers, with promiſſes that they ſhould Enter into *preſent Pay*, and adviſed them, and all honeſt fellowes, to Linger about the Towne, for there would ſoon

be hot service; and having also heard that Sir *William Waller* said Publickly in *Southwark*, before persons of considerable quality, *That there would be a Rebellion before Michaelmas.*

These discourses being then almost General, made me the easier Credit him in particulars, as that in order to this designe, many of the *Old Rump Officers were new Rigg'd*, and had Pensions Paid them by the Gentlemen of the *Kings-head-Clubb*, and that Commissions were given out by the Relicts of the Rump, under the Names of the Keepers of the Liberties of *England*; and that he was promised one among them, and had seen several, and that they were made of Parchment with thirteen Laybel Seales: I encouraged him to go on, and gave him money to defray his Charge, and bid him observe their Actions and Designes, and write down his observations, that they might be made known to his Majesty; and be sure to write nothing but the Truth, for one Lie would discredit all the Truths he told.

After that, he writ down at several times, that which was afterwards found by Sir *William Waller* in my *Meale Tubb*, and as what I did was truly in Zeal for his Majesties Service, so that very night he came to Town from *Windsor*, I went to the Earl of *Peterborough*, and acquainted him with it, and he presently handed us to his Royal Highness, to whom *Willoughby* delivered the foresaid Paper, to be given to his Majesty, and his Majesty was pleas'd to give it to Mr. Secretary *Coventry*, and commanded *Willoughby* to attend upon Collonel *Halsal* with what further discoveries he could make, and ordered him forty Pounds, the better to Enable him to proceed therein.

About this time the transactions concerning Sir *Robbert Peyton* hapened; and I believing then, as I still hope, that Sir *Robert* abhorring the disloyal Practices of those he called Freinds, was willing to come into the Kings Interest, and help the Government against those that so subtrilly sought to destroy it: I then made the meeting between the Earl of *Peterborough* and Sir *Robert Peyton* at Mr. *Gadburies* house, and did afterwards go with Sir *Robert* to the Duke, and his Royal Highness received him kindly, and Sir *Robert* made Protestations to serve his Majesty faithfully for the future, as I hope he will.

For my part it was no motive but my Loyalty and Duty to his Majesty, and Love to Truth and Justice, that ingag'd me in this affair, believing I should do his Majesty good service, by bringing back as many as I could of the *Incensed or Mised, to their Duty*; and I cannot yet think I err'd in so doing. About the latter end of *September*, *Dangerfield* daily brought me Stories of the great preparations of the Factions, and that they publickly own'd their Treasonable designs, and that the Parsons, *Goodwin* and *Alsop*, and the rest of that Gang, made great Collections amongst the Brethren, in order to the carrying on their Rebellious Designs; and that Sir *William Waller* had Three Hundred Horsemen privately Quarter'd in Town, that would be ready for Action in an hours warning; and was the Party that should lead up the Rabble of *Westminster* to seize *White-Hall*: That the City was ready to Rise, and expected only the word from the *Confederate Lords*: About this time *Willoughby* got drunk, and pick'd a Quarrel at the *Rainbow-Coffee-house* with one *Keyniston*, about Sir *Thomas Player*, and thereby

thereby made himself obnoxious to the Republicans; and having lost the hopes of obtaining a Commission for himself, he then sought to get one by means of other persons, and then Swore, *God Dam him*, now the Papists will give him no money, *he would go to the Presbyterians, and they would give him enough*; but of this I then knew nothing, and he strictly charged those he treated with in this affair, not to tell me any thing of their Proceedings, as appears by the Oath of *Thomas Curtis*, taken before Justice *Wartup*, *vide*, the said Affidavit in *Dangerfields* first Narrative, Pag. 72. 73.

In the beginning of *October*, he pretended, that by Information from a Person that by his order haunted *Sir William Wallers Club* at *Westminster Market-Place*, he understood that several Treasonable Papers importing the whole design of the Factious, were kept in a house at *Westminster*, and that if he could get a Warrant, and search that House, he doubted not but that he should lay open the whole Conspiracy, and in order to it, he went to his Majesty to pray a Warrant, and was by his Majesty referr'd to Mr. Secretary *Coventry*, but Mr. Secretaries great wisdom made him suspect him and his *Shallow contrivance*, insomuch that he would not give him a Warrant, but I, as I said before, being induc'd to Credit him *in those things which related to the same ends, others not inconsiderable among them had discours'd with me*, and being zealous to have the danger plainly Discovered, that it might be prevented, did upon his complaining that he was deny'd a Warrant, advise him to go by the Custome-house-way, which he did, and then seiz'd the Papers, which I suppose were easy to be found, being in all likelihood put there by himself, in order to his being dignify'd with the Magnificent title of the Kings evidence.

Upon *Wednesday* the 22 of *October* (79) *Willoughby* was taken, Examined, and went upon Bail till *October* the 24, which day I having been abroad, and heard much talk of him and his Plot, came home and found him at my House, he came to me, and pray'd to speak with me, for that he was going before the Council after Dinner, and did believe he should be Committed. I then going into the next Room, the following discourse pass'd between us.

Cellier. In the Name of God, what is it you have done, that here is such a Bustle in the Town about you?

Willoughby. Pray Madam do not ask me, for it is best for you to be Ignorant of it: I hope your Innocence will defend you, and your ignorance will be your best Plea, and therefore I will not do you so much wrong, as to tell you any thing of it: I have done something I should not have done, but I hope God will bring me off, and that I may be the better able to make my Defence, pray do me the favour to lay up this Paper safely for me; and by the help of this and Truth, I hope to defend my self.

Cellier. Is it nothing that will bring me in danger?

Willoughby. If it were, I would not be such a Villain to give it you; it is the same Paper that lay before Mr. Secretary *Coventry*, and he return'd it to me the last week. I opened it, and finding it the same, gave it to my Maid *Anne Blake*, and she put it into the *MEAL TUB*, where *Sir William Waller* found it.

Munday October the 27. he was committed to Newgate with the following Commitment.

T *Hese are in his Majesties Name, to require you to take into Custody the Person of Thomas Willoughby herewith sent you, for forgeing of Letters Importing High Treason, and fixing the same privately at Mr. Mansels Chamber, to render him guilty thereof without Cause: And you are to keep him safe till he shall be delivered by due course of Law; for which, this shall be your Warrant.*

*Councel - Chamber White-Hall
October the 27th (79)*

**Worcester.
Bridgwater.
Faulconbridge.
Francis North.**

**Henry Coventry.
Henry Capell.
Henry Powell.
John Nicholas.**

*To the Keeper of Newgate,
or his Deputy.*

That Night I was not at home, but the next Morning hearing Sir William Waller intended to be at my House, I made hast home to meet him, and about Noon he came and made a diligent search among my Papers, and told me, I must go along with him to the Earl of Shaftsbury, I replied,

Cellier. I have no business with the Earl of Shaftsbury, and if his Lordship have any with me, he might have sent one of his Servants to tell me so, and I would have waited on him, as I am still ready to do, without being had before a Justice of Peace.---But what Authority have you to carry me thither?

Sir William Waller. His Majesties Commission of the Peace.

Cellier. Though that doth impower you to send me to Prison, if I be accused of any Crime, yet it doth not give you power to carry me any whither else.

Sir William Waller. You are a dangerous Woman, and keep correspondence with Traytors, and harboured the St. Omers Youths---- I took them out of your House.

Cellier.

Cellier. What if I did? they came over at his Majesties command, and therefore I presume it was no Crime to Lodge them.---- And none can be properly call'd Traytors; but those that are Convict of Treason; And do you know any such I keep correspondence with? *I am sure I know none.*

Sir Will. Waller. Will you take the Oaths of *Supremacy* and *Allegiance*?

Cellier. Have you any Authority to offer them to me? I suppose you have none except here were another Justice present; but if there were, I am a Forreign Merchants Wife, and my Husband, both by the General Law of Nations, and those of this Kingdom, ought to remain unmolested both in his Liberty and Property, till a breach happen between the two Crowns, and the King hath declared as much in his Royal Proclamation, and if you violate the Priviledges my Husband ought to have as a Merchant stranger, the King of *France*, whose Subject my Husband is, has an Embassador here, by whom we will complain to his Majesty, and I hope we shall obtain Redress.

If your Husband and any other person will pass their word for your forthcoming, I'll leave you here till I come back from my Lord *Shaftsbury*.

They pass'd their words for me, and he went away and left me, presently after *Willoughby* sent for *Susan Edwards* my Servant to the Prison, and he Howled and Lamented to her, and sent me a long Epistle; I have forgot the words now, but the Effect was, that he had been Tortured that Night, yet would be Torn in pieces rather than belye me, or any other *Innocent Person*, and desired to know what I was accused of, or by whom, and what *Waller* said to me: Then I sent her to him again with the following Note.

I have said you were taken into my house to get in desperate Debts----They bring me to L. S. They will ask me who encouraged me to go to him, I will say it was you, it cannot worst you.

This I said, because it was Truth, which I always thought the best way to defend my Life and Fame. Upon the Receipt of this Note he made great Lamentations to her, expressing his fears of being Hang'd or Starv'd there, but told her, though he had been proffer'd great Advantages, yet he would Perish rather than do any ill thing; and pray'd her to speak to me, that he might have Victuals sent him from my House daily, *And that I would send him a promise of it by her of my own writing.*

By this I perceiv'd he was already a Rogue, and endeavouring to get something of my writing, to make ill use of, I then Considered that if I refus'd to promise him Victuals, I gave him an occasion to commit Villany for want of Bread; and therefore bid her tell him, that I would take order at my house that he should have Victuals sent him every day, as he had when he was under the Messengers hands. And to assure him of it, sent him the following words under my hand. It being a Motto my Parents had used, and I my self also,

I Never Change.

Knowing that if he were honest, that was enough to satisfy him: If a Rogue, not enough to do me any mischief.

About nine a Clock at Night *Sir William* came again and found me at Supper with some Friends, but was very Civil, and would not disturb us; and about Ten he sent me to the Gate-house, with a Note to *Church* to

Lodg me in his own house; the cause exprest in my Commitment, being for *Harbouring and Corresponding with Traytors*; though he could not tell me who they were, nor when *Convicted of Treason*; and for refusing the Oaths of Supremacy and Allegiance, which were never tender'd me. All that Night he and his Crue kept their Rendezvous in my house, tearing and pulling down the Goods, and filling his own and his Footmans Pockets and Breeches with papers of Private concern, which he never carry'd before the Councel, nor as yet restor'd, though some of them be of *Considerable value*.

Next morning *his Worship* sent to know how I did, and to tell me, if I thought he could do me any service, he would come and visit me. I reply'd, if he could, I knew he would not, and therefore desired him to spare his pains and my trouble.

Fryday the last of *October*, I brought my self to the *Kings-bench Barr*, in hope to be Bail'd; but then at the Barr, *Church* opposed it, saying, *Hrs Worship* had sent in an accusation of *high Treason* against me, though I had as yet no Accuser; And by the Law, no person ought to be committed for Treason, till accused by two honest, sufficient, lawful, and credible Witnesses, witnessing one and the same Individual Fact.

November the first, I was examin'd before his Majesty and the Lords of the Councel, where the *Fable of the Husband-man and the starved Snake*, was proved a Truth; for *Willoughby* accused me of all the Forged Stories he tells in his Lying Narrative; and I unfeignedly told the Truth, and the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth. But the Lord Chancellor told me, no body would believe a word I said, and that I would Dye.--To which I replyed, *I know that my Lord, for I never saw an Immortal woman in my life*: And then kneeling down, said,

Cellier. I beseech your Majestie that I may not be Tortur'd.

The King. The Law will not suffer it.

Cellier. Such things are frequently done in *Newgate*; and I have more reason to fear it then any other person, because of what I have done against the Keeper, and therefore I beseech your Majesty, If at any time I should say any thing contrary to what I have now said, that you will not believe me, for it will be nothing but lies forc'd from me by *barbarous usage*, what I have now told you, being the truth, and the whole truth, to the utmost of my knowledge.

Then I was sent away to *Newgate*, and the next day was brought again before the Councel, and then a Lord said, *Turn up your hoods Mrs. Cellier*, I did so: The Lord Chancellor ask'd me, if I had not been at the *Tower* to tell of *Willoughbys* Commitment, and bring instructions for him.

Cellier. I protest I have not been at the *Tower* Since.--- Then the Lord Chancellor Interrupted me, saying, *She cannot speak three words of Truth*.

Cellier. Pray my Lord be pleased to hear me out, and do not Judge me till then,--- I have not been at the *Tower* since *Thursday* was sevenight.

Lord Chan. That was the Time, what did you there?

Cellier. I Din'd there.

Lord Chan. Had you no talk concerning *Willoughby*? tell us the Truth, for the Countess of *Powis* has told us all.

Cellier. My Lord, nothing of Truth can do me any harm, and I am sure

sure her Ladiship will tell nothing else. I told her that Justice *Warcup* and *Mansel* had been at my House to demand him, and my Husband had past his word for his forth-coming. Then I was Commanded to withdraw.

And understanding, soon after, that I should be Close Confin'd, the dread of being lock'd up on the top of *Newgate*, and attended on by Fellons, as Mrs. *Prescick* had been, though bigg with Child, and so troubled with fits, that they came upon her every hour, which caused Captain *Richardson* to Pitty her, and take her into his own house; but some had been Locked up there a full year, and kept in Irons above six months of the time, the fear of this, or worse usage, did so oppress my spirits, that though I be not the most timorous of my Sex, and never had any kind of fit before, I fell into such Convulsions, that I had like to have died at *White-hall* gate. Then I was carry'd to the Keepers house, and laid upon a Couch, and being a little come to my strength and senses, I told Captain *Richardson*, that if I should die in that disolate place, as it was like I might that very night, most persons would believe that he had caus'd me to be murdered, in revenge of the Articles I put into Parliament against him; whereupon he bid me be of good Comfort, for I should not be carry'd to the top of the Goal, but lie in his own house, which promise so revived me, that within an hour, I was able to go up into the Garret, where I had a very Good bed, and a Maid ordered to lie in the Room by me; she tended me very diligently, and seem'd very much to Commiserate my Condition, being, I suppose, set on to do so, that she might the more Easily betray me: I had brought Pen, Ink, and Paper from the Gate-house, and easily prevail'd with her for money, to carry a Note home to my house, in a Bottom of Thred, she carried and re-carried three or four, Shewing them first to the Jaylors Wife and Sister; and they took Coppies of them, and sent them to the Councel, perswading themselves, they should make strange Discoveries, but I had Committed no Crime, and therefore *nothing but Innocense could be found in my Letters.*

When they saw this snare would not take, then they laid another for my Life, and brought *Willoughby* to a Window over against mine, to talk with me, having (as I then thought, and now know) set another Rogue behind me, to hear what I said.

Dangerfield. Madam, Madam, Madam, Pray Madam speak to me, and tell me how you do.

Cellier. I am Sick, very Sick of the Bloody Barbarous Villaine.

Dangerfield. Pray Madam speak low, and do not discompose your self.

Cellier. Nothing you do, can discompose me: I Despise you so much, I am not Angry.

Dangerfield. I am very glad of it, for then I hope you will have patience to hear me speak. Pray how do they use you.

Cellier. Well, much better then I expected.

Dangerfield. Is any body suffered to come to you.

Cellier. No body.

Dangerfield. I am very sorry for your Confinement, but I could not possibly help what I have done.

Cellier. Bloody Villaine, I am not confin'd, for *Stone Walls and Iron Barres*, do not make a Prison, but a Guilty Conscience: I am Innocent, and gain

gaine that here ; which my Enemies did not intend me for ; I have now nothing to do but to serve God, *but you are Confin'd, and one of the Devils Slaves.* Ah villaine ; for which of my Good deeds do you seek my life.

Dangerfield Crying,— you shall not Die, nor receive any other hurt.

Cellier. Wicked wretch ! I do not fear, but desire to die.

Dangerfield still Crying,--- but you shall not; look here how I have been used, and then shewed his Arms, and Howl'd, saying, he had been so miserably Tormented, that he was not able to bear it, but was forced to accute me and others, to save his own life.

Cellier. Ah villaine, will you bely the Innocent, to save an Infamous life?

Dangerfield. I have told the King more then I could make out, and was forc'd to Joyne with the Confederates to get my Pardon, for I have liv'd so ill, I am not fit to die yet.

Cellier. Do you think to wipe off your other sins, by committing Perjuries and Murthers.

Dangerfield. No, but God is merciful, and if I live, I may Repent ; I was differted by every body, and if I had not been Hang'd, I should have been Starv'd— It is a sad thing to depend upon an ungrateful and disunited People-- If any care had been taken of me, to remove me to the Bench, they could only have *Pillored Me*, and I would never done this, nor any other villainy; But since no body took any care of me, I had reason to take some of my self, which I will do. Those I belong to now are very kind to me, and *send me great Incouragements*, I shall have a Pardon within two or three days, and be set at Liberty, but before I go, I should be very glad you would consider your own Condition, *and not ruin your Family*, your Maid *Susan* will swear against you, and there are two persons found, that will lay worser things to your Charge, then I have done.

Cellier. Villaine, you know it is all Lies, Did I ever do any of those things?

Dangerfield. Though you did not, they will be sworn against you, therefore come in now whilst it is time, and *joyne with the most powerful, you may make your own Conditions*; then he shewed me Gold, and told me what great Advantages were to be made by becoming the *Kings Evidence*. That the King was *Bought and Sold*, and here would be a Republick, and the *Duke would be destroyed in Scotland*: And that if I would say His Royal Highness gave me the Original of those Papers that were found in my *Meal Tubb*, and bid me cause him to put them into *Mansels Chamber*, and Kill the Earl of *Shaftsbury*, then I should have a Pardon, and more mony then all the witnesses had had together, for the Earl of *Shaftsbury* and the rest of the *Confederate Lords* would raise *Ten Thousand Pounds* among them, which I should pass over by Bills of Exchange whether I would; as soon as I had signed and Sworn the Depositions; And I should have *Twenty Pounds per week* settled on me by Act of Parliement as long as I liv'd: And if I would do it, some persons of Honour should come and treat with me, for though I were confin'd, *there was Lords that were Privy to all*, that would come on pretence to Examine me, and settle things to my satisfaction.

But I laugh'd at all this, and receiv'd his proffers as they deserv'd, and said, *Cowardly Wretch*, you are worse then your Elder Brother *Judas*, for he
having

having betray'd one Innocent, lest those that hired him, to seek false witnesses for themselves, and repented, and brought again the 30 peices of silver; and had *Courage enough to hang himself*: But you have betray'd and belied many Innocents, and yet are such a Coward to waite for the *Hang-man*, for hang'd you will be. He that digs a Pit for another, shall fall therein himself: therefore Repent you Rogue, and tell the *King* who set you on, for you will certainly be Damn'd if you do not. And then by the fit Application of other places of Scripture, I shook him so, that he Howl'd like a Dog that had the Tooth-ache. And again shewed his Arms, where the *Irons or Cords* had worne off the Skin, telling me, he had been Rackt, and otherwise cruelly used to force him to accuse me.

Cellier. Ah Cowardly wretch! would you shed the blood of so many Innocents, to save your life. I had rather die ten thousand deaths, then bely my self or others: And can there be any *Rogues beside your self* so wicked, as to endeavor to suborn witnesses to bely the best of Men. Look there, do you see the Devil stand at your Elbow, assure your self he'l tear you to peices alive; Then he howl'd again, and wrung his hands, pretending Repentance, and told me, that against to morrow he would write down all the Intregue, with the names of *those Lords and others*, that set him on, and give it me, if I would give him any hopes of a Pardon for my self and others he had wrong'd.

Cellier. It is not possible for you, nor any other Devil Incarnate, to wrong me more than I can forgive, if you Repent and leave your Villany; but do not dissemble, for dissembled Piety is double iniquity.

Dangerf. Do you think other Persons I have accused will forgive me.

Cellier. Yes, if you truly Repent, I doubt not but their Charity and Prudence will oblige them to that.

Then he told me a long Story, how kind the Earl of *Shaftsbury* and some greater men were to him, and what great things they had promised to do for him; yet he said he would Repent, and tell the Truth, and hop'd God would have Mercy upon him. Then I went from the window—

Next morning he was waiting at his window by Day-break, and throwing little Coles at mine— About Nine or Ten a Clock I went to the window, hoping to perswade him to tell the Truth, *But like the Dog, was returned to his Vomit*; and propos'd to me, if I would not bely the Duke, to say the Earl of *Peterborough* gave me those Papers, and that I had received a Thousand pounds in Gold of Sir *Allen Apsley* to pay him for the Murthering the Earl of *Shaftsbury*, and to raise Souldiers against the King: but I received this Proposition like the former, and Answered:

Cellier. Now I plainly see you are posselt with the Devil, he speaks through your Mouth--- *You worst of Rogues, how dare you talk thus to me?*

Dangerfield. Pray Madam speak low, and do not discompose your self, whatsoever happens, there shall no harm come to you.

Cellier. Wretched Villain! Innocence fears nothing; I have done no Evil, nor I fear none.--- And shut to the Window, and would speak no more to him. All that day at times he hanc'd about the Window, shedding Crockadills tears, holding up his hands, and making beseeching signs to me to come to my window. About four in the Afternoon I went, saying, *Blood-thirsty ingrateful Villain, what have you to say to me?* Then he

wrung his hands and Lamented, saying, ' Now he was fully resolved to tell ' the Truth, and if I would promise he should be Pardoned, would show me ' how to turn the Devices of the Malitious upon their own heads, and had ' writ it all out for me, and would tie a Cole to it and throw it in; but he ' would first try if he could fling in an Apple he had in his hand, he try'd, ' but the Apple fell down--- He said there is something in it, and Ran ' down in great hast to fetch it---- But I suppose those that set him on, had more fears I should Convert him, then hopes he should Pervert me, and would not let him appear any more at the Window, but presently I heard a great Noise in the Goal, and it was pretended, the Jaylor had discovered our interview, and Sir *John Nicholas* came that Night to search and examine me, I told him the Truth, but conceal'd that part which related to the Duke, the Earl of *Peterborough*, and Sir *Allen Apsley*, and would not own that I understood for what reason he shewed me Gold, as not thinking that a fitting time to tell such Truths, I having too many Enemies already.

Then the Widdow shutters were nail'd up on that side of the Chamber, and the Casement on the other side, and from that time I had not a breath of Air: I did but take out a Pain of Glas, and they put in another, and unfolded and search'd all my Linnen, and cut my very Bread in pieces, and search'd every thing with all imaginable strictness; yet Captain *Richardson* let me go when I would into a Room that look'd towards the Doctors Garden, where the window was open, but there was such a noy-some smell in the Room, that I rather chose to be lock'd up in my own alone, then in that with a great deal of bold company; for the Rats and Weezels plaid at Barly-break, and *boldly Robb'd me before my face*; and did not dance without Musick, squeeking as they ran up and down: And the worthy Gentleman Sir *William Waller*, came likewise to visit me and ask'd if he could do me any Service, and fawning on me, with many flattering Expressions, *which I valued much like the Musick of my other Visitants*: He pretended a great deal of pity that such a Woman as I should be engaged among such a wicked and ungrateful people that Railed at me, saying, I was the worst of Women, but if I would confess, as he would have me, and come to them, *I should be received according to my Merits*.

Cellier. I know nothing to confess,---- At which he shook his head: You know enough to save the whole Kindom, if you would tell it.

Cellier. So I do, and would be glad to tell it, if Truth could be believed; but I have been already told in Presence of his Majesty and his Counsel, that *nothing I said should be believ'd*: And therefore I am resolv'd to tell nothing.

Sir William. Mrs. *Cellier*, if you will make any discovery to me, I'll engage you shall be believ'd.---- Then he began to ask me Questions.

Cellier. Sir, Spair your pains in Pumping, for I am neither Slave nor Coward, and will not be Examined in Confinement, inlarge me, and two days after I will tell you what I know.

Sir William. That I cannot do.

Cellier. Then let me speak with my Husband before a Keeper twice or thrice.

Sir

Sir W. Waller. I cannot do that.

Cel. *What do you come hither for then, troubling me with your proffer'd Service, if you be able to do nothing that I ask you?*

Sir W. Waller. If you will make any Discoveries, then I will help you.

Cel. Sir William, *When I make Discoveries*, I am sure you will not like them, *Yet it is very like I may make some in time, and new ones too, for my Heart is too high to be zany to a fellow that went on my Errands.*

Much such like dark discourse we had, he still flattering me, and telling me what high esteem he had for my Wit and Courage. I told him I took his Ironical Speech as it was meant, and did as much admire him for another cause; and then pluckt Englands Bloody Tribunal out of my Pocket, and shewed him the Murthers of his Majesties Royal Father, and many of his Loyal Peers and Gentlemen; and told him, that was the Game he would fain be at; he denyed it after such a manner, as made it visible even to the meaneſt capacity, That he did not think it a Crime, and then went away.

We had only such reflecting Speeches all the time of his stay, for Mr. Cooper, the Deputy Goaler came up with him, and I would not let him go away, for indeed I durſt not truſt my ſelf with ſuch a Doughty Knight as Sir William was, leſt he ſhould make Romances of me, as he had done of others; But I pray'd him at parting to ſpeak to his Maſteſty, I might be Tryed, for I was reſolv'd I would not lie there idle, but bring my ſelf up on my Tryal as faſt as I could.

Friday after this, I was brought before the Council.

A Lord. Turn up your Hoods Mrs. Cellier, — I obeyed.

L. Chan. Come Mrs. Cellier have you writ home, ſince you were ſent to Newgate?

Cel. Pray my Lord, *what Crime is it to write home?*

L. Chan. It is none.

Cel. My Lord, *ſelf Preservation is natural to all Creatures.*

L. Chan. How often have you written home ſince your Confinement?

Cel. Truly my Lord I know not whether it was 3 or 4 times.

L. Chan. How did you ſend it?

Cel. Once in a little Box, and other times in Bottoms of Thread.

L. C. What made you ſo earneſt to have your Husband go into the Country?

Cel. *Becauſe he is a man in Tronble, and I thought That the beſt place for him.*

L. C. Was Margaret in trouble too, that you ſent to her to go out of Town?

Cel. I did not, nor had any cauſe ſo to do.

L. C. You did.

Cel. I did not.

L. Chan. You did, we have it under your hand.

Cellier. *If I did, I deſire to ſee my hand, — Then a Letter was produced, being a Copy of one of mine. — Sir Tho. Doleman read it, (and by Head and Shoulders thruſt in theſe Words, Send Margaret into the Country) I deſired to ſee the Letter, but they refus'd it. Then I own'd I*

G

did

did write such a Letter as that was without those words, — but that I had neither seen, sent to, nor heard from Margaret since Midsummer.

L. Chan. This is very strange you can remember every word of a Letter, but what you should remember.

Cel. My Lord, My Lord, I can remember any thing I did, but not what I never did.

Lord President. You writ it when you were asleep.

Cel. No my Lord, I am no Noct-ambler.

L. Chan. Did you write to nobody else ?

Cel. Yes, to my Son and Daughter.

L. Chan. To nobody else ?

Cel. Yes, to Mr. Gadbury.

L. Chan. What did you write to him ?

Cel. Am I obliged to remember every Word I write.

L. Chan. No, but the sense of it.

Cel. I called him friend, and told him his last Visit would make me always esteem him so. I know I am the talk of the Town ; but what do the Judicious say of me, for it is that I value, and not the prate of the Rabble ? Are all my Summer friends flown ? Is my Knight against me too ? When will Jupiter come into Gemini ?

L. Chan. What do you expect from Jupiters coming into Gemini ? do you think that Catholick Religion shall be restor'd ?

Cel. No, my Lord I have no reason to think so, But the Planets are now in Feastial reptile Signs, and produce semblable effects, but when that benign Star comes into Gemini, which is a Humane Sign, I hope the Nation will return to their Wits, for I think they are all Mad now.

A Lord. Mrs. Cellier, how long has Mr. Gadbury been a Catholick ?

Cel. He is not one I think, I'm sure I never took him for one, nor ever heard he was.

L. Chan. What Religion is he of, can you tell ?

Cel. My Lord, I always thought him to be a Church of England man.

L. Chan. Come Mr. Gadbury, you said you did not speak in Astrological terms to Women, But Mrs. Celier has told you all.

Gadbury. My Lord, She can say no harm of me, if she tell Truth.

Cel. Mr. Gadbury, I neither said, nor know any evil of you, I only said you feared the Kingdom would never be quiet till Jupiter came into Gemini.

Then he was Commanded to withdraw.

Gadbury Kneeling down said, I beseech you let my close Confinement be taken off.

A Lord. No, you deny'd the Truth to us.

Gadbury. I hope your Lordship will not call such a thing as this is the denial of the Truth.

Withdraw, withdraw Mr. Gadbury.

A Lord. Are you with Child Mrs. Cellier.

Cel. Truly my Lord I know not certainly.

Same Lord. You say so in your Letter, and that it will keep you from any stricter examination.

Cel. No my Lord, I have no reason to think so, this is a time in which no Compassion is shewn to Sex, Age, nor Condition.

Then

Then the Lord Chancellor wav'd the Discourse.

Same Lord. Do you know one Mr. *Phillips*, Mrs. *Cellier*, that you writ of, and desir'd to go out of Town?

Cel. I know one Mrs. *Phillips* an Upholsterer, but I know no reason I have to desire her to go out of Town.

Ld. But you did write to her to go out of Town.

Cel. Did I not write for every one to go out of Town, I refer my self to the Letter, and desire it may be read.

L. Chan. No, no. And so put off the Discourse.

Same Lord. Do you know my Lord *Shaftsbury*, Mrs. *Cellier*? Or have you seen him lately?

Cel. My Lord, I have been with him lately; and (if you please) I will tell you the occasion. In April last Sir W. Waller was very buisy about my House, insomuch as I was forc'd to leave it, and I (having a desire to be quiet at home) writ the state of my Case to my Lord *Shaftsbury*, and pray'd his Favour; He bid the person that carried the Letter, send Sir W. Waller to him; And from that time I had no further trouble, till about ten or twelve days before *Dangerfield* was taken. He told me that my Name was enter'd into Sr. W. Waller's Black Bill, and he would search my House that Week, and therefore he advis'd me to write again to the Earl of *Shaftsbury*, I told him I durst not presume to do that, but I would go to his Lordship, and thank him for the former Favour, and pray a continuance of it, and desir'd him to go with me, because being known in the House, as he said, and might the easier bring me to speak with his Lordship.

Dangerfield. Madam, I cannot at all advantage your Cause, but injure it, for I have told my Lord Lies, and have been catch'd in them; but if you please to let the Coach drive close to the Gate, and ask for Mr. *Shepard*, and desire him to bring you to the Figure of one, he will bring you to his Lordship.

I did so that very Night, and after I had thank'd his Lordship for his former Favour, and intreated him that I might not be troubled with Sir W. Waller, he Answered me,

Madam, I am for the propagation of the Protestant Faith; yet, because I think you an excellent Woman, though of another Religion, I promise you I will do you all the good I can.

I thank'd his Lordship, and took my leave.

Upon this I was commanded to withdraw.

Three or four days after I was brought before their Lordships again.

L. — Turn up your Hoods Mrs. *Cellier*.

L. Chan. Come Mrs. *Cellier*, we have found *Margaret*, and she has told us all, the Truth comes out for all your cunning.

Cel. She can say no Evil of me, unless she bely me: Besides, she is no lawful Witness, for she was my Servant, and turned away in Disgrace, and if she accuse me of any thing, it is the effect of her Malice.

Then

Then Margaret was call'd in.

L. Chan. Come Margaret, this is strange, that whilst you liv'd with Mrs. Cellier you could see nothing but Vertue and Goodness by her, and she can tell so much Thieving, and other ill things of you.

Margaret. She may say what she pleases of me, but I will not wrong her.

Cellier. Margaret you know we did lose a Spoon, and some other things.

Margaret. Yes, but then you thought another had them.

Cel. Yes, and I think so still, but being told you accuse me, I must defend my self as well as I can.

L. Chan. Nay Margaret, we like you never the worse for her speaking against you, and if you will tell us any thing of her, we will believe you.

Margaret. I know nothing but what I have told you.

L. Chan. Go Margaret, consider of it, and remember what you can against you come again.

Cellier. Margaret have a care what you do, lest you foul your hands with innocent Blood.

L. Chan. Hark, She tutors her before Us.

Cellier. Truth may be spoken at all times and places.

Soon after this, Sir W. Waller came to the Prison again, wheedling, and proffer'd his Service to help me to make a Discovery; I answer'd him after the former rate.

Sr. Will. I wonder how you, that have such a fine curious House to Live in, can endure to stay here, and may so easily go out, and be repaired all your Losses with Advantage.

Cellier. Sir Wil. I value not my Losses nor my Life, I'll stay here this twenty Years, rather than Lie my self to Liberty. I am Prisoner for Truth sake, and that Cause, and the joy I have to suffer for it, makes this Dirty, Smoaky Hole to me a Pallace, adorn'd with all the Ornaments Imagination can think upon; and I assure you, This is the most pleasant Time of my whole Life, for I have thrown off all care of Earthly things, and have nothing to do but to serve God.

Sir Will. But for all your Obstinance, you will be weary of staying here e're long, and perhaps put into a more rigorous Confinement.

Cel. Have you ever a place to put me in, where God is not?

Sir Will. No, he is every where.

Cel. Is he so, then do your worst, I defie you all, and him that sets you on.

Sir Will. Why are you so angry Mrs. Cellier? I came hither to serve you.

Cel. I desire none of your Service, and I cannot be angry with such a Man as you are.

Sir Will. I protest I have as much respect for you, as if you were my Sister, and had rather take your Counsel, than any Woman's I know.

Cel. I'll assure you Sir William I will never take yours. Pray speak to His Majesty I may be try'd.

Sir Will. You had better stay, for if you be try'd you'll certainly be put to death.

Cel.

Cel. Thanks be to God, you must neither be Judge nor Jury-man, but I'll venture that, and bring my self to the Bar the first day of the next Term.

Sir Will. You must not be try'd there, you must be try'd at the Old Bayly.

Cel. If His Majesty bring me upon my Tryal, He may try me where He pleases; but if I bring my self to it, it must be at the Kings-Bench Bar.

Sir Will. You are deceived, you cannot.

Cel. But I can, and will to.

Sir Will. I'll tell His Majesty what you say.

Cel. Pray do, for I desire it.

Sir Will. Well, I see you are an obstinate Woman, and do not understand your own good, I'll come no more to you.

Cel. I care not for your Company, therefore pray stay away, and tell Truth Once in your Life.

As he was upon the Stairs going down, I call'd to the Maid to bring me some Beer, and he was willing to believe I call'd him, and ran up in great haste, asking through the Door if I had bethought my self of any thing he could do to serve me.

Cel. No *Sir Wil.* I am not such a Distressed Damosel to use your Service, For as the Devil can do harm, but not good; so, though you have put me in, yet it is not in your power to fetch me out of this Incharmed Castle, but I shall come out e're long to a Glorious Death, or a Honourable Life, both which are indifferent to me, blessed be God.

After this I was no more troubled with him.

That night the Duke of *Manmouth* came to Town from *Holland* I was fetch'd before the Council in great haste, having now learn'd to turn up my Hoods without bidding.

L. Chan. Come *Mrs. Cellier*, we hear of your zeal,

Cel. It is a Virtue to be zealous *My Lord.*

L. Chan. The Truth comes out by little and little, we shall know all.

Cel. *My Lord*, I wish all the Truth were known, and then I should go home to my own House.

L. Chan. When were you in *Flanders*?

Cel. Never.

L. Chan. You were.

Cel. I was never out of *England.*

L. Chan. Do you know one *Mr. Adams*?

Cel. What *Mr. Adams* does your Lordship mean?

L. Chan. *Mr. Adams*, a Commissioner of the Statute of Bankrupt.

Cel. Yes, I know him well, he sent *John a Nokes* to Prison, and thereupon was put out of Commission.

L. Chan. Has he done you any personal injury?

Cel. Only helpt to cheat me of five Hundred Pounds.

L. Chan. Nothing else?

Cel. No *My Lord*, but I'll assure you he did that.

L. Chan. You were at the Devil-Tavern with him and *Dangersfield* the 24th. of September, and said there was no Plot but a Presbyterian

Plot, and that it would appear so in a Month, you tim'd it well, for just then your Intrigue was found out.

Cel. *My Lord I was at the Devil-Tavern, but not within three Weeks of the time you mention.*

L. Chan. You were there at that time, and said you were just come from *Flanders*, and drank the Duke of *York's* Health in a Beer-glass of Claret, and would not let Mr. *Adams* drink, unless he nam'd the Health.

Cel. *Indeed my Lord that was ill done, for there was not a drop of Claret*

L. C. But you drank the Duke's Health.

Cel. *Pray my Lord what crime is it?*

L. C. It is none.

Cel. *Then I hope there's no Punishment.*

L. C. Here is nothing to be done with her, call Mr. *Adams*.

He was call'd in, and his *Wife's* Depositions read.

Cel. *My Lord, of all this fine Story there is nothing true, but that I was at the Tavern, but it was three Weeks before the time he mentioned, and I did Pledge the D's Health, and say, I believed there was a Plot among the Presbyterians, to play their old Game over again, but I hoped God would bless the King and his Royal Brother, and that their Affairs would go well, and God would destroy their Enemies, and send quiet Times*

Adams. She did say she had been beyond Sea, and Mr. *Petty* will swear she said she had been in *Flanders*.

Cel. *If I did say so, I lyed.*

L. Presid. If you Lyed then, how shall we know you tell Truth now?

Cel. *My Lord, there is a great deal of difference between what I say at a Tavern, to a Man of his Understanding, and what I say here, where every Word ought to be equal to an Oath.*

Adams. Your bawdy Story I left out of the Depositions, I was asham'd to speak it.

King. What, can she speak Bawdy too?

Adams. Yes, indeed she did.

L. C. I, she's fit for any thing.

Cel. *My Lord, I never spoke an immodest Word in my Life. Mr. Adams, though you strive to take away my Life, do not take away my Honour; What did I say?*

King. What did she say? come, tell Us the Story.

Adams. She said — she said — that — she said — That if she did not lose her Hands, she could get Money as long as —

King. As long as what? out with it.

Adams made as if he were asham'd, and could not speak such a word

Cel. *I said, If I did not lose my Hands, I should get Money as long as Men kiss'd their Wives.*

Adams. By the Oath I have taken she said their Mistresses too.

Cel. *Did I so, pray what else do they keep them for?*

L. Chan. That was but witty.

King. 'Twas but natural to her Practice.

Cel. *Mr. Adams I am sorry for your Ignorance, --- I beseech your Majesty let me be enlarged.*

L. Chan. You are an obstinate Woman, and will tell us nothing we ask you.

Cel. *My Lord, I tell Truth to all you ask.*

L. Chan.

L. C. Here's no body believes you, you will trifle away your Life.

Cel. My Lord, I will not belye my self nor others to save it, but I will assure your Lordships, never man that came before you, feared Death, nor valued Life less than I do.

L. C. I she's fit for them, *Withdraw, Withdraw.*

After that I was fetcht up once or twice again, but do not remember for what; — Then they let me alone till the 9th. of January, and then Captain Richardson went up with me, and by the way told me, That if now I would make an ingenious Confession I might be enlarged, and the Truth found out; I answered, I knew nothing of all they asked me, nor ever answered any thing but the Truth, they do not look for Treason in the right place, but when they do, they may find enough.

Capt. Richardson, But if you know any thing you are bound to tell it.

Cel. I am only obliged to answer Truth to such questions as I am asked, and the Lord Chancellor told me he would not believe a word I said, and I do not believe a word of the whole Plot further than that the Presbyterians are playing over their old Game again.

Capt. Richardson. Well I see it is impossible to perswade you to Reason.

Cel. I never yet could see a Reason for Lying.

When I came before the Councel they spoke not a word of the old matter, but questioned me concerning Sir Robert Peyton then present; I told the Truth, as I would have done long before if they had asked it; and desired Pen, Ink and Paper to recollect my Memory, and to see my Husband before a Keeper, which the King said was but reasonable, and bid make an Order for it, which was done, yet the Keeper would never let me see him in 11 or 12 Weeks that I was confin'd after that, but one quarter of an hour; Yet to give him his due, he was as civil (to me, as the strictness of my confinement would admit of,) and his Wife also, all the time I was in their own House.

January 11th. I sent in my Depositions, being all I then could remember, but they would not let me have Paper to take a Copy of them, but Truth can never be forgotten.

January 15, 16, or 17th. I was brought before a Committee of Lords, and they asked me many Trepanning Questions to insnare me.

Then Mr. Gadbury was called in, and his Depositions read, to which I only answered.

Cel. Mr. Gadbury I remember nothing of all this, but I confess I am the unfortunate cause of your Trouble, and if by ruining me you can ease your self, I give you free leave.

Then a Lord told me there was Treason sworn against me, but I might yet save my self if I would, for they did not Thirst for my Blood.

Cel. I am glad to hear your Lordship say so, for I am so simple I judge by appearances, which are quite otherwise.

Then Dangerfield was called in, and asked if I did not set him on to make a Mutiny at the Rainbow Coffee-House.

Dangerfield. My Lord, I cannot say she set me on.

Cel. Was not I angry with you for it, and bid you be gone out of my House? and caused you to be removed up into the Garret.

Dangerf.

Dangerfield. No, that was afterwards.

Cel. But it was for that Cause.

A Lord. Do you know any thing of a walk that was upon *Tower-Wharf*? tell us the Truth for you are upon your Oath.

Cel. I have often walked upon it, for I lived thereby.

A Lord. We mean a walk with the Lord Chief Justice, and offering Ten Thousand pounds concerning Sir George Wakeman, tell us the Truth, for the Countess of Powis has told us all.

Cel. Yes, my Lord, I read it in a Pamphlet.

Dangerfield. I do believe it was in a Pamphlet.

Cel. There was two, and you brought them both to me.

A Lord. Do you remember any more concerning Sir Robert Peyton.

Cel. Nothing that is fit to tell at this time.

A Lord. She will not tell the Kings Privy Council what she knows.

Cel. Not at this time, — at which Answer they were very angry, and asked me some snaring Questions concerning my self, but I have forgot what it was; yet remember that I answer'd thus.

Cel. My Lord, I am not obliged to Answer that Question; your Lordships are none of my Judges, I appeal to my equal Judges, Twelve Commons of England in a Court of Judicature, let them that desire my life, assault it there, and though I cannot defend it like a Man, yet I will not part with it in complement to your Lordships, and I desire to be tryed as soon as may be.

A Lord. Your Tryal will come soon enough, you will be put to Death.

Cel. Blessed be God, then I hope the Play is near an end, for Tragedies whether real or fictions, seldom end before the Women dye.

A Lord. What do you make a Play of it?

Cel. If there be no more Truth in the whole Story, than there is in what relates to me, every Play that is Acted has more Truth in it.

A Lord. You talk very peremptorily.

Cel. My Lord, I thank God Death is no terror to me, and she that fears not to dye, cannot fear to speak Truth.

A Lord. Withdraw, withdraw, Mrs. Cellier.

Cellier. Before I go, I will tell you something of Sir Robert Peyton; he told me, that though the Earl of Shaftsbury was out of the Council, yet his power was as great as ever, for he had a strong Party there, and he knew all Transactions as soon as the Council rose, for he had a Nephew there, and there was a person always ready at his House, to run away with Intelligence of what passed at Council to the Earl of Shaftsbury.

A Lord. Said that was very like, how else should the Examinations taken there come to the Press so soon? some of Mr. Gadburies that were taken but a day or two before, lying there in Print upon the Table.

Then one of the Lords seeming to wonder his Lordships Nephew was not there, commanded me to withdraw.

Both in January and February, I sent in the following Petition, but could not possibly get it read, though I sent 5 or 6, and in the whole time of my confinement, my Husband carried near 20, but they were still suppress'd.

To the Kings most Excellent Majesty, and the Right Honourable
the Lords of His Majesties privy Counsel.

The Humble Petition of *Elizabeth Cellier* close Prisoner in *Newgate*,
Sheweth,

THAT Your Petitioner hath been thirteen Weeks close confin'd, and she
having had the management of her Husband's Estate, with that of two
Fatherless Children ; The most considerable Estate of which depends upon
Process at Law, and is to be try'd this next Term, and they are wholly Ig-
norant of their Affairs.

*Wherefore your Petitioner doth most humbly Pray and Beseech your Majesty,
and the Honourable the Lords of the Counsel, that she maybe Enlarged, or
permitted to speak to her Husband and Children before a Keeper, to advise
them how to proceed in their Suit, and thereby prevent their ruine.*

And Your Petitioner shall pray.

My Husband put in several Petitions to the same effect, but could get no
Answer, insomuch as he was forc'd to releafe *Seven Hundred and odd Pounds
for Sixty one* ; A good Part of which Mony lay in Court of Chancery, and
the Master of the Rolls had made *A decretal Order for us*, but the Defendant
petitioning for another hearing, my Husband and Children not being per-
mitted to speak with me, *knew not which way to defend themselves.*

There I lay close confin'd, till the first of *April*, though my Husband daily
solicited for my enlargement. But about that time, (being dangerously sick)
I was allow'd the Liberty of the *Press-Yard*.

Sometime in *February*, I was brought again before a Committee of Counsel.

A Lord. Mrs. Cellier, do you know one Mr. *Pen*, a Quaker?

Cel. I never see him but once.

Lord. Did you not write to him, and give him thanks for making so good
use of the Paper you sent him?

Cel. Yes, My Lord, I did so.

Lord. Do you use to write to Men you know not?

Cel. If your Lordships please to have Patience, I will tell you the occasion of it.

About the beginning of *May* last, 6 Copies of a Paper call'd the *Danby* Reflecti-
ons were left at my House, by an unknown Person, with a Note, desiring me to
put them into understanding Mens hands.

I went to *Fox-Hall*, and made a strict Inquisition into the matter, and found
by the affirmation of many Persons, that that part of the Story was very true,
and I thought I had no reason to doubt the Truth of the rest, and having heard
Mr. *Pen* plead in the Cause of *New-Jersey*, at Sir *John Churchill's* chamber,
before the *Duke's Commissioners*, and observ'd that he was a Man of a great deal
of Reason, I thought I could not better comply with the desire of the Author, than
to send him one.

Lord. What made you so earnest to speak with him?

Cel. I heard it abroad by the name of *Pen's Paper*, and found it spread much

Lord. What had you to say to him?

Cel. Something relating to the same matter, I suppose, but I have forgot what,
for it is 9 or 10 Months ago.

Lord. What did you with the rest?

Cel. I gave one to my Lady *Powis*, another to Mr. *Henry Nevil*. I sent one
into

into France, another into Flanders, and got the other coppied, and sent as many as I could get to my Friends and Acquaintance.

Lord. You have been very zealous for the Cause.

Cel. My Lord, It is good to be diligent in all that one undertakes.

Which Answer was the last I had opportunity to make to any in Authority until my Arraignment, which (in confidence of my own Innocence) I continually prest for.

Not but that I knew the danger, as to this Life, of encountering the Devil in the worst of his Instruments, which are *PERJURERS INCOURAGED* to that degree as that profligate Wretch was, and has been since his being exposed to the World in his true colours both at mine, and at anothers Tryal.

- But the Sence that all I had done, or endeavoured to do was prompted by a *Disinterested Loyalty to the King, and Charity to Innocence* oppressed, without the least mixture of Mallice to any Creature breathing, *Made me with hopes expect the worst those Devils incarnate could do unto me.*

And if any thing in the World could give a probable Light where the true Plot is manag'd, mine, and my accusers Cases would do it.

For *Singly and Alone*, without the Advice or Assistance of any Catholick breathing, *Man or Woman*, I was left to study, manage, and support my self in all my troubles to my Expence and Loss *much above a thousand Pounds*, never receiving one penny towards it, directly or indirectly, but ten pounds given me by the hands of a condemn'd Priest, five days before my Tryal; nor have I since received any thing towards my Losses, or the least civility from any of them.

Whilst *Dangerfield* (when made a Prisoner for apparent *Recorded Rogueries*) was visited by and from Persons of considerable Quality, with great Sums of Gold and Silver, to encourage him in the *new Villanies* he had undertaken, not against Me alone, but Persons in whose Safety all good Men (*as well Protestants as others*) in the three Kingdoms are concern'd.

For I hope no reasonable man can believe me so vain, as to think my Life or Fame worth the consideration of an *Industrious Faction*.

Thus have I laid open the Truth of my Case, to be believed or not believed, as Reason, Sence, and Probability shall guide Men.

And as to my own Sex, I hope they will pardon the Errors of my Story, as well as those bold Attempts of mine that occasion'd it, since in what I meddled with, as to Sir *Robert Peyton* and others (that are yet among them undiscovered like *Fushai*, and I hope will have as good success to confound the crafty Contrivances of all the old *Achitophels*, and the *Headstrong Ambitious Practices of young Absalom*) though it may be thought too Masculine, yet was it the effects of my Loyal (more than Religious) Zeal to gain Proselytes to his Service.

And in all my defence, none can truly say but that I preserv'd the Modesty, though not the Timorousness common to my Sex. And I believe there is none, but had they been in my Station, would, to their power, have acted like me, for it is more our business than mens to fear, and consequently to prevent the Tumults and Troubles Factions tend too, since we by nature are hindered from sharing any part but the Frights and Disturbances of them. Which that God will long preserve these three Kingdoms from, is the daily Prayers of

Elizabeth Cellier.

AN

Abstract of the T R Y A L O F Elizabeth Cellier.

UPON the 30th. of April (8c.) I was Arraigned at the Kings-Bench Barr,
before the Lord Chief Justice Scroggs, for High-Treason.

C. of the Crown. What sayst thou *Eliz. Cellier*, art thou Guilty, or not Guilty?

Cel. Not Guilty.

C. C. Culprit, how wilt thou be Tried?

Cel. By God and my Country.

C. C. God send thee a good Deliverance.

Cel. My Lord, I am safe in my own Innocence (as far as Innocency can make any person safe,) but since the most Innocent may be sworn out of their lives, I desire time to send for my Witnesses, some of which live very far off.

L. C. Just. How long time will you have? till next Term?

Cel. No my Lord, I desire but a fortnight; which was Granted, and I remanded back to Prison, that day I sent the following Petition to the Attorney General.

To the Honourable Sir *Creswell Levins*, his Majesties Attorney General.

The Humble Petition of *Elizabeth Cellier*.

Sheweth,

THAT your Petitioner is to have her Tryal at the Bar of His Majesties Court of *Kings-Bench*, for High Treason, the 14 of this Instant *May*.

Your Petitioner Humbly beseeches, that you will please to let her know, or otherwise to order the Clerk of the Crown to give her to understand, whether she is Indicted at Common Law, or upon any Statute, and what Statute, and that she may likewise have a Copy of Mr. *Dangerfields* last Pardon from his Majesty; as also Subpoena's for her Witnesses, That she may be some ways enabled to make her Defence.

And your Petitioner shall Pray,

Eliz. Cellier.

Mr. Attorney answered, that I was Indicted upon the Statute of the 25 of Edward III. and might have as many *Subpœna's* as I would at the Crown-Office; but he knew nothing of Dangerfield's Pardon.

Then I Petitioned the Lord Chancellour for a Copy of the Pardon, and his Lordship was pleased to Grant it.

May the 14. I was again brought to the Bar in Order to my Tryal, but Mr. Gadbury being Sick, (of which Oath was made by a learned Physician that had Visited him) the Kings Council desired to put off the Tryal but I prayed to be Tried then, or some day that Term; And said, That I would bring my self thither, the last day of the Term, and hoped that according to the Law, I should be Tried, or Discharged.

L. C. J. That will do you little good, for there is a Proviso in the Act, if the Kings Witnesses be not Sick.

Cel. My Lord, what if they will never be well.

L. C. J. You shall be Tried the next Term, it is but a little while to it.

Cel. My Lord, my Husband will think it a great while; at which the Court laugh'd.

Cel. My Lord, he hath great cause to think it long, for he is already a Thousand pounds the worse for my Imprisonment; I have lain two and twenty weeks close confin'd, During which time my Husband put in near 20 Petitions before the Lords of the Council, to speak with me before a Keeper; but they were all reject-ed: and he had then a suit in Chancery to a considerable value, which had been heard before the Master of the Rolls, and he had made a Decretal Order for us, and a good part of the Money lay in the Court of Chancery, but my Adversary taking Advantage of my confinement, Petitioned for another Hearing; and my Husband not knowing how to defend the Cause, was forced to discharge seven hundred and odd pounds, for sixty one, because he could not be permitted to speak with me.

L. C. J. You arraign the Council.

Cel. No, my Lord it is not to Arraign them, but to make it known how I have been used, and pray redress.

Serj. Maynard. Why could not your Husband follow his Law Suit without you.

Cel. Because he is a Stranger, and does not understand the Law.

Serj. Maynard. Then you do Gentlewoman.

Cel. No Sir, but I have got enough to make a Country Justice, and pray that I may be Tried, And if I be Guilty, punished; and if Innocent, acquitted. And that my Husband and Children may not suffer as they do by my Imprisonment.

L. C. J. You shall be tryed the first day of the next Term, and it is in compassion to you that we appoint that day.

Cel. My Lord, shall I be discharged, if I be not Tried then.

L. C. J. You shall.

Cel. My Lord, the Laws I am to be Tried by, have sufficiently compensated their denying me other Council, by allowing me Ten my Lords that are my Judges, for Councillors, and I will depend upon your Faithful Advice with confidence, and humbly pray fair Play for my life.

judges. You shall have fair play.

Cel. I thank your Lordships.

L. C. J. Keeper of Newgate, take her back, and use her with respect.

June the 11th. (80.) I was again brought to the Bar, and the Indictment read,

read, and the effect of it was for consulting, and expending Money for carrying on the Plot to kill the King, raise War in the Realm, and introduce Popery, and for endeavouring to cast the Plot upon others, and for employing *Dangerfield* to kill the King, and upbraiding him for losing an Opportunity, &c.

Cel. *My Lord, for saving the time of the Court, I pray that no Gentleman that has been on any of the former Juries, and found the Indictment against any of them that lately had the like accusation, may be sworn against me* (And in regard a great part of my Charge is for endeavouring to throw the Popish Plot upon the Presbyterians) *Therefore I except against all those that had not lately taken the Sacrament, as Persons that cannot be indifferent.*

L. C. J. Mrs. Cellier, this cannot be allow'd, you must make your exceptions.

Cel. *My Lord, the Jury ought to be chose out of the unconcern'd Neighbourhood, and every Dissenter from the Church of England is a party against whom the Fact is said to be committed, therefore none but Church of England men ought to be of my Jury.*

L. C. J. Mrs. Cellier, make your exceptions. Which I did, and excepted against several that had been on the former Juries, yet admitted of Sir *Philip Matthews*, and others, telling them they looked like honest men, and I believ'd they would do me no wrong.

The Jury are as follows.

Sir Philip Matthews, Baronet.

Sir John Mufier.

Thomas Harriot, Esq;

John Foster, Esq;

Richard Heyny, Esq;

Edisard Draper, Esq;

Edward Wilford, Esq;

John Roberts, Esq;

Hugh Squire, Esq;

Thomas Eaglefield, Esq;

George Reade, Esq;

Richard Parrot, Esq;

The Jury being sworn, the Kings Council called the Witnesses, and first Mr. *Gadbury*, who attested that he knew not a tittle of the Plot one way or other, except what he heard by Common Report, and read in the Prints, nor of any design I had against the Life of the King; but acknowledges that he was privy too, and active in bringing over Sir *Robert Peyton* to the Kings interest, (at the said Sir *Robert's* request) and to bring Sir *Robert* to kiss his Royal Highness's hand by my means; and said, That I did always express my self with all Duty and Loyalty; and that I told him I had carried the names of four Gentlemen, Sir *Roberts* Friends to the Duke, in hopes that if they were put into Commission for the Peace, it might conduce much to the breaking the measures of the Faction. And Mr. *Gadbury* further Declared, That one *Smith* formerly a School-master at *Ipsington*, and another Gentleman with him, came to him, and desired his Advice about going to the Lords in the Tower, pretending he could declare strange things against Mr. *Oats*, which might prove advantageous to them.

In order to *Indicting him for Perjury*, which he said I was forward to promote, and said, that I did not care if I were at Ten pounds Charge to have it effected, but he said he refus'd to advise Mr. *Smith* to concern himself either with Mr. *Oats*, or the Lords.

He further aver'd, that I told him I heard *Dangerfield* talk of a Non-conformist

mist Plot, and how he frequented their Clubs, and had so far insinuated into the favour of some of them, that he was promised a Commission among them, and that several Commissions were given out already. After that, Mr. *Gadbury* being interrogated by the Attorney General, to several passages signified in an Attestation which he himself had drawn up for the Privy Council, which seemed more to affect me than any thing he had hitherto said, shewing the same unto him, which when he had perus'd, he did own to be his hand writing; and said, That what was contained therein was true, but when he wrote the same, he confessed that he raked up all that ever he could against me, aggravating every Circumstance to the utmost, and that by that reason when he was in Prison, some person or persons whom he did not name to avoid reflections, Threatned him with Hanging, &c. And that they told him two Witnesses had sworn Treason positively against him, and that I now accus'd him, and made a third; and he knowing I must swear false, as the rest had done, and being Menac'd as before, Drew up the said Accusation against me, aggravating the several expressions therein, in hopes thereby to lessen my Evidence against him, and thereby to save himself.

Then he was again interrogated, whether I did not tell him I hoped to see *Westminster Abby* full of *Benedictine Monks*, and the *Temple* with *Fryers*: he answered, That his Sufferings had very much weakned his Memory, but as far as he remembred, I did not speak of any hope, but believes it was thus, What if you should see *Westminster Abby* filled with *Monks* again, and that this was in ordinary Discourse as they pass'd through the *Abby* together; And that he looked upon those Words to be no ways maliciously spoken, nor regarded it further than common Discourse.

Serjeant Maynard. What Religion are you of?

Gadbury. A Protestant according to the Church of *England*.

Serj. Maynard. Such Protestants do more harm than Papists.

Gad. Sir, I am neither Papist nor Presbyterian, nor was I any of the Tribe of *Forty One*.

Then he went on with his Evidence, saying, That when the King was Sick at *Windsor*, I asked him whether he thought his Majesty would live or dye, supposing as he thought that he might have taken some notice of the effect by observing the beginning of the Distemper; but says, That I did not desire him to erect a Scheme for that purpose, nor to Calculate the Kings Nativity, and that he believes I had talked at this rate five or six times, always expressing great fears of his Majesties Death, and the Troubles that may thereupon arise through the restless Mallice of the turbulent Faction's Party, and that he with as great Trouble told me, he durst not presume to Judge of such and so weighty an Affair as that was.

But that he remembers he Calculated a persons Nativity for me, to know whether he would be just to me in gathering in such Debts as were due to my Husband who was a *French Merchant*; And that from thence he caution'd me to beware of him, but that he knew not the said person was *Dangerfield*, till he came before the Counsel, I bringing only the time, and place of his Birth, without making any mention of his Name, but that the said *Dangerfield* thence took occasion to swear Him into the acquaintance of the Countess of *Towis*, and several *Honourable Lords*, whose Faces he never saw.

This was the substance of Mr. *Gadbury's* Evidence

L. C. J. Brother you are mistaken in your Evidence.

At.

Att. Gen. We are in this, but I hope we shall not be mistaken in others.
Then *Dangerfield* was call'd in.

Cel. My Lord, I except against his Evidence, as a person that has not the Qualifications the Law requires in Witnesses of Treason, and I pray that I may be heard to prove it, and that the Court will protect my Witnesses from his Insolence, for the last time I stood here in order to my Tryal, he struck one of them here in presence of His Majesty, in the Face of the Court, and threatned to kill others; if they appear'd again.

L. C. J. Have you Witnesses of this?

Cel. Yes My Lord, I will offer nothing to the Court, but what I will prove by Witnesses and Records. And, to do this, I have taken of a few of the Records of his many Crimes, and but a few, because I would not be chargable to my Husband, or troublesome to the Court. I have but Thirteen.

Judge. A pretty Company.

L. C. J. Go on then.

Cel. Call Mr. Pearson. He appear'd. I pray'd he might be sworn.

L. C. J. That may not be against the King.

Cel. My Lord it is not against the King, for the King is as much concern'd to preserve me if I be Innocent, as to punish me if I am Guilty.

And by the Statute of the fourth of King James, it is ordered that persons accus'd shall have Witnesses produc'd upon Oath, for his better Clearing and Justification. And the Lord Cook says that he never read in any Act of Parliament, Author, Book, Case, nor ancient Record, that in criminal Cases, the Party accus'd should not have sworn Witnesses: And therefore there is not a spark of Law against it. And the Lord Cook dyed but lately; and if there was no Law against it then, I desire to know by what Law it is now denied me; for the common Law cannot be altered. And I pray your Lordships, being of Counsel for me, that you will not suffer any thing to be urged against me contrary to Law, but that my Witnesses may be sworn, or Counsel assign'd me; to that Point of Law.

A Judge. What would you have Counsel for? This does not affect you yet. Go on.

Cel. Mr. Pearson, pray tell the Court how *Dangerfield* us'd you the last time I was here.

Pearson I stood in the Hall, and he came and asked me how I durst Subpœna any man and not tell him for what, and struck me on the Arm.

Judge. Did he so?

Cel. Call Mr. Barrard: He appear'd, and testified the same.

Cel. My Lord, Witnesses for Treason ought to be Honest, Sufficient, Lawful, and Credible; And I will prove that he has been Burnt in the Hand, Whip'd Transported, Pillorie'd, Cut-law'd for Felony, Fin'd for Cheating, and suffer'd publick Infamy for many other notorious Crimes.

Mr. Clements, bring the London Record. He produc'd it.

Judge. Can you swear this is a true Copy.

Clem. Yes My Lord, I examin'd it. Then he was sworn, and the Clark read the Record, which shew'd, That in the 25th. Year of his Majestie's Reign he was Convict of Felony at the Old Baily, for stealing a Tortoise-shell Cabinet, and ten pieces of old Gold, out of the House of Robert Blagrave, and being asked what he had to say for himself, that Judgment should not pass upon him, according to Law? He said he was a Clark, and desir'd the bene-

fit of the Book, which was granted ; and he read, and was (according to Law) *Burnt in the Hand*.

A Judge. Can you prove he is the man?

Cel. Call Mr. Ralph Briscom. He appeared, and testified that he was the Man, and he saw him *Burnt in the Hand*.

Cel. Call Captain Richardson. He appeared, and testified the same. Then *Dangerfield* offer'd to go away. One of the Judges call'd to him, and ask'd him whither he went? a Lawyer answer'd, to fetch his *Pardon*, for he was come without it.

L. C. J. Make hast then.

Then there arose a Question among the Judges, Whether *Felony* was sufficient to take away his Evidence, his Clergy having restor'd him? And an excellent Discourse pass'd amongst them upon that Subject, but I cannot remember the particulars so well as to insert it here. One of the King's Counsel alledged that he was made a good Witness by his *Pardon*.

Cel. My Lord, *He is not Pardon'd Felonies, Burglaries, nor Forgeries; And I will prove him convict of all these; and the King cannot give An Act of Grace to one Subject, to the prejudice of another, as this Pardon will be to me, if this prodigious Villain be thereby made a good Witness to take away my Life; Nor doth his Pardon include his Crimes. Then I produc'd a copy of his Pardon, but remembring I was not oblig'd to believe that he had a Pardon, till he himself had produc'd it, I call'd for it back again, then the Court went off the Cause, and heard motions, but Dangerfield staying long, they began to examine Witnesses on his behalf.*

First, *Thomas Williamson* was call'd. Who said he knew nothing of my treating with *Dangerfield*, nor ever saw us together, but that he was imploy'd in businesses of Charity by me, to get Prisoners out, and *Dangerfield* among the rest.

Mr. *Scarlet* was call'd, and said he turn'd him over to the Bench, and I paid for his *Habeas Corpus*.

Bennet Duddle was call'd

He attested, that he had often seen *Dangerfield* and I together in the Gallery at *Powis-House*, and had seen us write, but he knew not what.

William Woodman was call'd.

And said, he had carried Letters for me to the Tower and else-where, but none for *Dangerfield*.

Ann Blake was call'd.

Who attested, that I sent her to *Dangerfield* in *New-gate*, and that he cry'd and pray'd her to speak to me to send him *six Pounds*, and that she return'd to him, and told him *I would send him none*. Then *Dangerfield* told her *he had been rack'd*, and expected worse usage that night, and that he should be forc'd to turn Rogue, and ruin us all.

And that if he did not turn Rogue he should be hang'd, And that I bid her hide the Papers, saying they were *Dangerfields*, and might do him good, and she put them into the *MEAL-TUB*.

Then *Margaret Jenkins* was call'd.

And said, she saw *Dangerfield* in *New-gate*, in Irons, very poor, that he told her *he had eaten nothing in two days*, that she carried him half a Crown, and another time five Shillings; and after that, Mony to pay his Fees; and that she saw him in the Bench.

Att.

Att. Gen. Did you not carry Letters between them?

Margaret. Yes, but knew not what was in them.

Att. Gen. Did you not carry two Vials of *Opium* to him?

Mar. I carri'd 2 Vials which he sent for, but I know not what was in them.

L. C. J. Who sent for them?

Mar. *Dangerfield* sent a Note for them to Mr. *Blasedal*, and when I brought them to him he tasted of them, and set them up in his room.

Judge. Who tasted of them? *Mar. Dangerfield* did.

Att. Gen. Did you ever see Mrs. *Cellier* in the Bench with him?

Mar. No, I never did.

Att. Gen. Did you ever see them together at *Powis-House*?

Mar. Yes, once at Dinner, and once at Supper.

L. C. J. Was any body with them?

Mar. Yes, once her Husband, and the other time three Gentlewomen.

Att. Gen. What do you know concerning *Stroud*?

Mar. She bid me tell *Dangerfield* that he must get acquainted with *Stroud*; I told him so, and he reply'd, that was done alre dy, for he had been acquainted with *Stroud* a long time, and they us'd to go a robbing together. And he told me that he fear'd neither Fire, Sword, nor Hell, and he car'd not what he said, nor swore, for he had studied to be a Rogue ever since he was Ten Tears old.

L. C. J. You will make a special Witness of him by and by.

Then the Attorney General would not let her speak any more, but call'd *Susan Edwards*.

Att. Gen. What do you know against the Prisoner at the Bar?

Edwards. I carried two Notes from her to Mr. *Dangerfield* in *New-gate*, and two Books of Accompts, and a Guiny, and 20 s. in Silver, and she bid me tell him, now was the time that her Life lay in his hands.

Serjan Mainard. Did not you carry her a Letter from him?

Susan. Yes.

Att. Gen. What was in it?

Susan. I know not, for I cannot read written-hand; but he told me he must turn Rogue and ruine all the Sect. *Judge.* What Sect?

Susan. I know not what Sect, but he said, if he did not turn Rogue, he should be hang'd.

Ser. Main. But she bid you tell him her Life lay in his hands.

Cel. And Yours too Sir, if he turn Rogue, and be believ'd as others have been of late. But she's no Witness, for she robb'd me, and the very Heathens would not allow false Servants to swear against their Masters.

Cel. By the Oath you have taken, Where had you the cloaths you wear?

Susan. Of my Father, they are none of yours, I never see you have but two Suits at a time.

Cel. Did you ever see any thing Dishonourable by me?

Susan. Yes, He went into your Chamber one Sunday morning.

L. C. J. Was her Husband there? *Sus.* No, He was gone to Church.

L. C. J. He were best take care how he goes to Church.

Cel. My Lord, I appeal to your Conscience, as you sit there, whether you think any thing but Innocence durst ask that Question; And to prove it is so, there is a Woman has served me 26 years, be pleased to examine her.

A Lawyer within Bar, Said to me it is a plain proof of her Innocence as to that point. *Serjeant Maynard* then made some malicious reflections thereupon.

Cel. Pray Sir, is that Treason by the Statute of the 25. of Edward III. It is not in this Innocent Age.

Susan. She said she doubted not, but the Plot would turn to a Presbyterian one; and I heard *Dangerfield* say so too; and that he would make it his Interest to find it out; And she said, if he did, she should see him keep his Coach and Six Horses, and then he should marry her Daughter.

L.C. J. What would he have Mother and Daughter too?

Susan then prated very impertinently.

Judge. Will that Impudent Wench never have done prating? Turn her out. Then she went and stood among the Clerks, Prating, and behaving her self impudently, till they scold at her, and thrust her out of Court.

Then the Lord Chief Justice made an excellent Speech, of what sad Consequence it would be to admit such profligated Wretches to give Evidence; and that the three Kingdoms might have cause to rue such a days work, and that it would be an in-let to the greatest Villanies, to destroy our Lives, Liberties and Estates, with much more to the like purpose.

Judge. This Fellow will come no more.

L.C. J. Call him, shall we stay all day?

Cryer. *Dangerfield, Dangerfield, Dangerfield, &c.*

After he had been called five or six times, the Lord Chief Justice commanded a Tip-staff to go into the Hall and look for him: which he did; and after a long time *Dangerfield* came with a Black Box, at which the Court laughed, saying here comes the Black Box, here comes the Black Box.

L.C. J. You have been long in going to the Temple.

Dang. I went to the Exchange; Here is my Pardon.

It was observ'd that his hands did so shake and tremble, that he could not open the BOX.

Cel. My Lord, he is not Pardon'd Felony, Burglary, Perjury nor Forgery: And I will prove him notoriously Guilty of all these:

The Clerk read his Pardon, and all these Crimes were omitted.

Cel. My Lord, he is Convict of Felony, and Out-law'd thereupon; Mr. Lane bring the Chelmsford Record, he produc'd and prov'd it.

The Clerk read it, which said he was Convict of Felony and Burglary, for breaking the House of Robert Tetterson, Shoe-maker of Windsmore-Hill, and taking thence a tinnen-bag worth a Penny, and Four Pounds Ten Shillings in Money: he broke Prison, and was Outlaw'd thereupon.

Kings Council. How do you know this is the man?

Cel. He is the Man, and I will prove it by the party that was Rob'd, and the Constable out of whose hands he broke.

Call Robert Tetterson, and James Eaton.

The Cryer called, but they came not.

Cel. My Lord, I fear he has Murther'd them, for Tetterson was here yesterday, and told me, that Dangerfield threatned to kill him, if he appeared any more, and said, That he went in danger of his life.

L.C. J. Call them again, look about the Hall for them, which they did.

Clements. My Lord, I see Tetterson in Court this day.

Then the Cryer called them again, and a person was sent to the Houses adjacent, to call them, but in vain.

Then the Kings Council would not admit him to be the Man mentioned in the Indictment, because it was there *Tho. Dangerfield*, Labourer, and the Pardon was *Tho. Dangerfield* Gentleman.

Cel. My Lord, if he be the person Pardoned, he is the person Out-law'd, for both are Thomas Dangerfield of Waltham Abby.

Judge. Is there any more Thomas Dangerfields there?

Dang.

Dangerf. Yes, my Father and a Cousin of mine, which uses to come there sometimes: *Kings Council.* Said I must prove him the Man.

Lawyer within the Bar. Brother, trouble not the Court, for he is the Man.

L. C. J. Come, I will not admit it could be your Father. *Mrs. Celliers,* have you a Record of Perjury.

Cel. My Lord, I have of Forgery.

Judge. Have you one of his being Pillory'd?

Cel. I have four, bring the Salisbury Records.

They were produced and proved, and one of them read, which said that in the Thirtieth year of the King, he was Indicted at *Sarum*, for putting off a Gilt Shilling for a Guinney, to which Indictment he Pleaded Guilty; and was Condemned to stand in the Pillory three hours next Market day, with a Paper on his forehead, signifying his Crime, and after that to pay Five pounds to the King, and that he stood in the Pillory according to Sentence.

Cel. My Lord, I have 3 Records more to the same effect, to all which he Pleaded Guilty.

Judge. No it is enough.

After all this *Serj. Maynard* and the Attorney General would had him allowed a goodness, saying all these Crimes are Pardoned under the Title of Offences and Transgressions.

Cel. A Pardon cannot make him an honest Man, as all ought to be that are Witnesses in Treason, Nor can the King give him an Act of Grace to my prejudice, as this Pardon will be, if it make him a good Witness to take away my Life. *Mr. Langhorn* desired that *Mr. Reading* might be examined, and the Lord Chief Justice North denied it, saying he had been in the Pillory, and had his Testimony been allowed, I doubt not but *Mr. Langhorn* had been alive, And shall this prodigious Wretch that has been burn'd in the Hand, Whipt, Pillory'd, Convict of all manner of Crimes, and stands out-law'd for Felony be allow'd a good Witness to take away my Life, and such a Gentleman as *Mr. Reading* be denied to give Evidence to save, because he had been on the Pillory for endeavouring to do that which if he had done, it had not amounted to one of those many Crimes this Villain Pleaded Guilty to. And I beseech the Court to consider, That if such Witnesses be allowed, Liberty and Property are destroyed.

Attor. General. *Mr. Reading* was not Pardoned.

Cel. He is not Pardoned neither, for he is Out-law'd for Felony, which is not incerted in his Pardon, and is otherwise notoriously infamous.

K. Council. None but Villains are fit to be employed in such Designs.

L. C. J. They are fit to be employed, but not fit to be believed, and we ought not to hood-wink Justice for such a Stigmatiz'd, Whipt, Pillory'd, Burnt in the hand Fellow as he notoriously appears to be.

Then *Dangerfield* submissively bowing; said, My Lord, this is enough to discourage any one hereafter, from entring into good and honest Principles.

L. C. J. It will discourage Rogues from daring to appear before a Court of Justice.

Then his Lordship told him his own in very apt words, with a recapitulation of his Crimes; saying, he did not, nor would not, fear nor spare such as he was.

Then *Judge Dolben* stood up, and said, That no man that had any spark of Grace or Civility, would dare to appear before a Court of Justice, being Guilty of such Crimes, and that no man of common-sense, would take away the life of a Worm upon such Evidence.

Then the Lord Chief Justice gave short directions to the Jury, telling them he knew nothing they had to do, for that nothing material appeared against me.

And they unanimously cryed out *Not Guilty.*

Clerk Crown. Kneel down.

Cel. Kneeling, said God preserve the King and his Royal Highness, and bless this Honourable Court.

L. C. J. *Dang.* have you any security for your Good behaviour to answer the Felony.

But *Dangerfield* having none, the Lord Chief Justice said, Take him away, take him away and secure him. Then was *Dangerfield* presently disarmed, who trembling, and looking as if he had been just going to be Hang'd, Cryed out, Whither must I go? whither will you carry me? then he shed Tears in the Court, and was by the Officers presently conveyed to the *Kings-Bench* Prison with a numerous Train of Attendance, where the Gentlemen Prisoners received him according to his Merit. But he not liking his entertainment, desired to be locked up till the Marshal came home: and then for his better security was sent to the Common-Side, where the Prisoners had like to have Pump'd him.

But

But his Phanatick friends bringing him good store of Mony, both Gold and Silver, he spent it very freely among them, so by that means escap'd that Storm, and there remained in the custody of the Marshall, till he was brought to the Bar by order of Court, and pleaded a general *New-gate* Pardon, in which his name was incerted, and so was discharged, with good advice to leave off his former wicked courses, and take up some imployment to live honestly, for his thread of Life was so fine spun, that he could expect no more favour from any Court.

The tryal being over, the Gentlemen of the Jury sent for me up into the Room where they Din'd, and told me, there was a Guiny a Man due to them, I Answer'd, *I had cost my Husband a great deal of Mony already, much more than my Person was worth, and was not willing to put him to any Charge I could avoid; And I hop'd they would consider my condition, and not expect Mony from me.* They reply'd, If I had been cast, the King must have paid them a Guiny a Man, upon which I promis'd, if it were a due Debt, I would send it to Sir Philip Matthews on Mnday, but finding it was not, I sent him this following Letter.

Honoured Sir,

I Have considered upon your demand of a Guiny apiece to each Gentleman of the Jury, and find that it is in no sort due, how great soever the ruin is I lie under, by the villany of my accuser, I would have made hard shift but I would have paid what was justly due. But upon your second thoughts, I am assur'd you will not forfeit your Spurs by oppressing the Distressed, she, Your selves and the Laws have preserv'd from a raging Dragon. Pray Sir accept of, and give my most humble Service to Your self, and all the Worthy Gentlemen of your Pannel, and Yours and Their several Ladies. And if You and They please, I will with no less Fidelity serve them in their Deliveries, then You have done me with Justice in mine, and thereby preserv'd Liberty and Property, as much as, Honoured Sir, Your most Humble Servant, Elizabeth Cellier.

Monday the 14th. of June the Jury sent one Mr. Squire, a very civil and understanding Gentleman, to demand the Guinies of me, we argued the Case a while, and he went away very well satisfied.

On Tuesday morning another came, that was as rough and inconsiderable; and among other things he told me, that the D. of B. gave them two Guinies a Man, I reply'd, If I had been a Dutcheff, I would have given them five; But I was a poor Woman, and had been much wrong'd, and to prevent further inconvenience, I would not injure my Innocence, nor their Justice, so much as to give them any thing but my humble Thanks. which I pray'd him to accept of, and give to them all. He went away in a great heat, expressing his resentment in such Language as I will not spoil Paper with.

This is all I can call to mind, of what past at my several Examinations, and Tryal, and I hope the judicious Readers will pardon what is either forgot, or not well express'd, in consideration that I was forc'd to defend my Life, both against the Knights and the Dragon, for in this unequal Combate there was no St. George to defend me against him, but Sir C— Sir J— Sir R— and Sir George also stood by my accuser, to manage his Malice against me.

Yet I could not but pity those learned Gentlemen, (one of which would have been infinitely too hard for all these together,) which have been accused in this accursed Plot, that so many of them should come arm'd and array'd against me, and be forc'd to blush at the weakness of their Combatant.

But God, the Protector of Innocence, hath for this time delivered me from the rage of that wicked Enemy, and his Fellow-plotters.

But how long either my self, or any other Loyal Subjects, shall be secure from the like Conspiracy, God only knows.

He sent from above, he took me, he drew me out of many Waters.

He delivered me from my strong Enemy, and from them which hated me, for they were too strong for me.

They prevented me in the day of my Calamity, but the Lord is my Stay, Psal. 18. 16, 17, 18:

Finished, Friday, July the 2d. By Elizabeth Cellier.

A Postscript to the Impartial Readers.

ON Monday the 16th. of this Instant, the Sheet F was taken in the Press, and my Self and the Printer brought by Messengers before Mr. Secretary Jenkins, and he caus'd us to give Bonds and Security to appear before the Lords of the Counsel, and in the mean time not to print any further.

On Wednesday the 18th. I appear'd before their Lordships, and testified the truth of what I had written, saying, *I publish'd it because I would come again before their Lordships*; and did then accuse Sir William Waller, Mansel, Dangerfield, and their Confederates, of High Treason, for endeavouring *to raise a Rebellion, and for conspiring against the life of his Royal Highness*. And proffer'd to make good my Charge, by the Testimony of persons of Honour, Persons of middle Quality, and unspotted Reputation, and by some of their own Companions. And their Lordships were pleas'd to promise that we should be heard.

Thursday, the 19th. According to their Lordships order, I came to Mr. Cunn, the Clerk then in waiting, to give security for my good Behaviour, and to appear the at Kings-Bench Bar the first day of the next Term, and though severall good House-keepers proffer'd themselves, he would accept of none but such as himself knew; which, though it was very difficult for me to obtain, I was forc'd to do it. After Security given, he would not let me depart, till I had paid 3 l. 2 s. 6 d. And though I told him that two Justices of the Peace expected me at that hour, to go with them to take the Examination of a Person that then lay Sick, and desir'd him to let me go, and I would send the Money to him, as soon as I came home. Yet he commanded Otterbury the Messenger to take me into custody till I paid it; and I was forc'd to stay till I sent home for Money, and by these delays lost the opportunity of meeting the Gentlemen, and could not examine the party that day; and the next he was taken Speechless, as he still continues. By this means I lost a most material Witness; Yet doubt not but to make good my Charge, if the rest may be heard.

I hope the Readers have not forgotten, that after it had been proved before the Lords of the Counsel, that Dangerfield stood in the Pillory at Salisbury, Yet, upon his single Evidence, the Countess of Powis, the Earl of Castlemain, and other persons of considerable Quality, were Committed, and I was close Con-

fin'd two and twenty Weeks, and after that, Tryed for my Life,
June the 11th.

But though *Treasonable Practices* have been sworn against *Dangerfield*, by Justice *Foster*, Justice *Harvey*, Mr. *Thomas Hill*, and my self; Yet the Gentleman walks abroad undisturbed, and *daily consults with his Confederates, how to act new Villanies.*

These things make me very sensible of the great Difficulties and Discouragements I am like to meet with; But I hope the God of Truth and Justice will protect me, and bring me through them all, and pluck off the vails, and discover both Truth and Frauds bare-fac'd.

And whensoever his Majesty pleases, to make it as *Safe and Honourable to speak Truth*, as it is apparent it hath been Gainful and Meritorious to do the contrary, there will not want Witnesses to testify the Truth of more than I have written, and Persons that are above being made *The Hangman's Hounds for weekly Pentions*, or any other Considerations whatsoever.

And though I have been *two and twenty Weeks confined*, and *two and thirty Weeks a Prisoner*, and my Charge and Losses much exceed a Thousand Pounds, I do not yet so much fear the smell of *Newgate*, as to be frighted for telling the Truth; nor is Death so great a Terror to me, but that I am still ready to seal the same with my Bloud.

August the 21st. 1680.

Elizabeth Cellier.

THE MATCHLESS PICARO;

OR,

*A short Essay of the Fortune and Virtues of Seignior
Don Tomaso Ganderfieldo, alias Eranisco
De COROMBONA.*

Bray a Fool in a Morter yet he will not depart from his folly. Prov.

BEing Importun'd by some Friends to write a *Narrative of the Famous Achievements of the Virtuoso*, who accus'd Me, I have endeavour'd their satisfaction; But upon a diligent Search, I find the Record of his Worth so many, and so chargable to take off, that neither my Pen nor my Purse are able to perform their Request. But because their Expectation should not wholly be frustrated, I have review'd his half-witted *Narrative*, between which, and that of the Worthy Gentleman Mr. *Roderick Mansel*, I find so great an agreement, as satisfies me they had accorded their Stories before the Papers were lodg'd in *Ax yard Westminster*. And also, that both *Narratives* were dictated by the same spirit, (one being a true Transcript of the other;) but chiefly, that *Don Roderigo*, and *Seignior Thomazo*, are both right *Romantick Heroes*, and have added much to the small adventures of others, and related many imaginary ones of me, which never entered into my thoughts, I having from my Childhood abominated such Practices.

But they have been very silent in their own most *Stupendous Acts and Endeavours*: But all their *Squires* being absent, it would much have derogated from their Worth to have blown the Trumpets of their own Fame; And because I am inform'd that a Person of great Understanding in the *Worshipful Colonels Affairs*, is writing a large *Narrative of his Projects in IRELAND, and HERE* also; Therefore I will say no more, but leave him to that Fate which usually attends Men of his Spirit and Loyalty, both in this World, and in the next; And give you an Abstract of *Seignior Don Thomazo Ganderfieldo, Francisco de Corrambona, &c.* his Recorded *Virtues*, and what himself has told to many Persons that are ready to attest it upon Oath; together with the great Character I have receiv'd of him from the Inhabitants of *Walsbam Abby*, the place of his Nativity, where they affirm, that before he was Seven years of age, his Fingers were such Lime twigs, that he could not enter into any House but something would stick to them; and being corrected by his Father, (for the many Thefts he committed,) he ran away; and wandering up to *London*, was receiv'd into *St. Bartholomew's Hospital*, where at 10 years old his Father found him: But (as he hath done since,) he stoutly disown'd his Father, and would not go with him; However, his Father took him home, and (if himself may be credited,) from that time he studied to be a *Rogue*, and before 15 years of age he agreed with one *Jemmy a Scotch-man* and rob'd his Father, and run away into *Scotland*, where, (as young as he was,) he committed some Crime which he said would have cost him his Life, had not the Lord of — (before whom *Jemmy's* Father and his Prosecutor brought him) taken pity on his Youth, and dismiss'd him, with a small sum of Money to bring him to *Edenburgh*; where the young *Don* being arriv'd; and finding *Scotland* no place for his purpose, he projected how to change Countries,

Countreys : And some Gentlemen being then at *Edenbrough* ready to Imbarque for *Spain*, they entertain'd him for a Lacquey, and transported him into a warmer Climate, but soon turn'd him out for his * *old Tricks*; then

* *Margaret Jenkins, and others, to whom he told it, with more of his Virtues, and strange attempts then can be contained in one sheet of Paper; with proofs that he also is a slave to Truth, Faithfulness and Impartiality, as the worthy Colicnel professes to be in the Elloquent Havangue before his Famous Narrative.*

(as he says) he turn'd *Mendicant* from Dore to Dore for about a Month; after which he became a *Soldiers Boy*, and not being able to live on Three Halfpence a Day, he then resolv'd to fall to the practice of the *Roguary* he had so long studied, and attain'd to a great perfection in the *Thieving Trade*; And amongst other *Virtues*, he also learn'd to *Guile Copper Cobs*, and made them pass for *Gold*, and plaid such pranks, that (being too young to be put to Death) he was mark'd by the Executioner of *Port Ferrara*

with an *N* and a *G* in large Gun-powder Letters on the back of his Right Hand, and then last'd out of the Town. And being almost starv'd, a Master of an *English Vessel* in Charity brought him back for *England*, being now about 14 or 15 years of age. Then the wandering *Don* return'd to the Father he formerly deny'd to own; But he refus'd to receive him, yet had Compassion on his miserable condition, and put him as an Apprentice to a *Barber*, from whom he ran, and fell so close to the *Thieving Trade*, that by his own Confession, and the Testimony of others, he was condemn'd to be hang'd before he was 17, but obtain'd a Pardon of Transjortation, and went into *Flanders*; But though he chang'd Countries, Qualities he chang'd not, for in a few years he became so great a proficient, that he counterfeited the Prince of *Orange's* Hand and Seal, and was committed to the Castle of *Antwerp*, where he lay long, and had been starv'd, (as himself says,) but for the Charity of the *English-Nuns*, who every day sent him Meat and Drink. About 12 Weeks after his Commitment, he was try'd and condemn'd to be Hang'd; But Father *Worsly*, an *English Priest*, (after the charitable example of the *English Nuns* at *Antwerp*, who not only fed this starv'd Snake, but also sav'd and supported Captain *Spurn-cow* in the like Danger) by earnest solicitations procured his Pardon, and brought it at the critical Minute, when one end of the Halter was about his Neck, and the other tied to the Gallows, and the Ladder ready to be taken away. This charitable Person also collected 30 odd Pounds, and gave it him, to bring him over into *England*, and to put him into an honest way to live, and so dismiss him, with much good Counsel, which he never had Grace to follow.

Some Months after, he was 18 years old, he arriv'd in *England*, and fell close to his old Trade, and had such success therein, that in the 19th year of his age, and,

London ff. In the 25th Year of His now Majestie's Reign, he was indicted at the *Old Baily*, for stealing a *Tortoise-shell Cabinet*, and ten pieces of old Gold out of the House of *Robert Blagrave*, the Vintner that now keeps the *Crown-Tavern* behind the *Old Exchange*. The Jury found the Bill, and he was afterwards try'd thereupon, and found Guilty, and being brought to receive Sentence, and ask'd what he had to say for himself that Judgment should not pass upon him according to Law? he said, he was a Clark, and prayed the benefit of the Book; which was granted, and he read, and was burn'd in the left Hand.

Essex ff. At *Chelmsford*, in the said County, the first day of *March*, in the 27th Year of His now Majestie's Reign, at the Assizes held there before Sir *Thomas Twisden* Kt. & Barronet, *John Howel* Serjant at Law, and their Associates, &c.

The Grand Jury being sworn, did find the Bill, wherein *Thomas Dangerfield*, late of *Waltham Abby*, Labourer, the 29th of *January*, in the 26th Year of His now Majestie's Reign, was indicted for Feloniously stealing and taking away the Goods of one *Robert Tetterson* Shoe-maker, of *Windsor-Hill*, a Linnen-bag worth a penny, and 4 l. 10 s. in Mony. And the said *Dangerfield* before he came to his Tryal, broke the Prison, and so got away, and thereupon was out-law'd for the Felony, as by the Record appears.

Wilts. ff. At the Assizes held for the County of *Wilts.* the 4th of *August* in the 29 year of his now Majesty, before Sir *Thomas Jones*, Knight; *Thomas Burton*, Serjeant at Law, and other Associates, &c.

The Jury being sworn, and upon their Oaths did find the Bill, wherein *Thomas Wiloughby* alias *Feild*, late of *Wilton*, Labourer; did stand Indicted for uttering false Guineys to one *John Penny*.

To which Indictment he Plead'd Guilty, and was adjudg'd to stand in the Pillory
next

next Market day in the open-Market-place for three hours, from 9 till 12, with a Paper on his forehead, signifying his Crime, and afterwards to pay 5 *l.* to the King, and to lie in Prison till he paid it.

Wiltshire ff. At the same Assizes he was indicted of the like Fact, for uttering a false Guiny at *Broad-Chalk*; he pleaded Guilty, and was fined five Pounds, and to stand on the Pillory three hours at *New-Sarum* another Market day, with a Paper on his Forehead, as before.

Wiltshire ff. At the same Assizes he was indicted for the like Fact, he pleaded Guilty, and was fined five Pounds, and to stand on the Pillory at *Wilton* three hours, with an Inscription on his Forehead.

He stood on the Pillory twice at *Sarum*, and broke the Goal before he was to stand the third time.

Middlesex ff. In the 30th. year of his now Majesties Reign, he was indicted at *Hicks's Hall*, before Sir *Reginald Foster*, Sir *Philip Matthews*, *Thomas Harriot* Esq; and Associates, by the name of *Thomas Danglefield*, alias *Willoughby*, alias *Moor*, Labourer, for uttering 20 false Guinies in the Parish of *St. Leonard Shoreditch*. The Bill was found against him

That Sessions he was tryed and convict at the *Old-Baily*, and was fin'd fifty Pounds, and to lie in Prison till he paid it.

Whilst he lay in Prison for his Fine, he there *Practiced Forgery*, as Captain *Richardson* testified upon Oath, *October* the 1679. before the Lords of his Majestie's most Honourable Privy Counsel; as also, that he never had in his Custody a more *Notorious Rogue*.

About *November* or *December* following, he broke a hole through the Prison with the help of his Fellows, pretending he would teach them how to make an escape; but by Letter to Captain *Richardson*, gave him notice of their Intentions, and they were surpriz'd going forth, and rewarded according to their merit; But the *Don* escap'd Scot-free, and in reward of this Service, Captain *Richardson*, in the *January* following, got him into a general *New-gate* Pardon, for which he hath since rewarded him with the same gratitude wherewith he has ever repay'd his Benefactors; proving the old Proverb true. *Save a Thief from the Gallows, and he will hang thee if he can.*

There he lay till the *May* following, for want of Money to pay his Fees, at which time I paid them, and what else I did for him, and upon what inducements you may read Page the 12. and 13. How he has requited me I need not relate, *His Gratitude is Publickly-Notorious* like his other virtues; in pursuit of which, I searched till I found his Name Recorded in 28 Places, having been Transported, Burnt in the Hand, five times Adjudged to the Pillory seven times Fin'd, twice Out-law'd for Felony, and broke the Goal in several places eight times; but the great Charge forced me to desist, though I have been credibly inform'd that his Acts were Recorded in many places more, both in *England, Wales, Cornwall* and *Ireland*, but to give him his due, not one of these Records that I know of, is for Robbing on the High-way. He is too tender of his own safety, and has too great a Veneration for the memory of his Murther'd Mother, to expose her Son to any such audacious enterprise; all his Atchievements are House-breaking, Picking of Pockets, Cheats, Forgeries, and Petty Larcenies, &c.

But to return to the Gentlemans Narrative, wherein he says *Page 24.* on the top of the leaf, that his pretended Confessor Mr. *Sharp*, injoyn'd him for his Pennance, that twice a night, for five nights following, he should walk bare-footed from *Powis House* in *Lincolns-Inn Fields*, to *Lincolns-Inn back gate*, and back again, which he saith he did accordingly, and that every morning for five mornings he should Discipline his naked Shoulders with some *Franciscan* Cords which he gave him, and bid him be sure to follow his Advice, if he would escape Damnation.

Surely the Gentlemans Wits were gone a Wool-gathering, else he would have told his Confessor, That if lashing could secure him from Damnation, he had enough of that, both in *England, Cornwall, Spain* and *Flanders*, having perform'd many memorable Pennances of that kind; and particularly that of *Reading*, where he marched bare-footed, and bare-headed before the Beadle to the Towns-end, attended by all the Youth of the place, being scourged all the way, and at the end of the Town, had 20 lashes given him extraordinary, because he had not money to pay the Goaler.

And having thus exercised his *Passive Valour* to the satisfaction of all the Spectators, he

he was with great shoutings and acclamations, turn'd off to seek his Fortune, in pursuit of which he went to the next Town, where a Company of Soldiers was then quartered, and with great Lamentation, told them he had been set upon by Foot-Pads, and by them robbed of a considerable sum of money, and most cruelly beaten, these honest Souldiers received him with much humanity, fed and cloathed him as well as they could, promising him to prevail with their Captain to receive him into the Company: But the next day the fraud was discovered, for some persons coming from *Reading*, made known his good qualities with the exemplary Reward he had so lately received: The Souldiers were so offended at their misplaced Charity, that they beat and kickt him up and down like a Foot-Ball, resolving to lash him severely with their Matches; and in order to it, pluckt off his venerable Coat, and the Bloody Rag he called his Shirt, but when they saw his back so piteously mortify'd, they (to use his own Words, scorned to fling water upon a drowned Mouse, but) let him go whicher he would, and he directed his course towards *London*, where he arrived in great state, riding upon his Fathers two legg'd Colt, having been entertained on the way by the Charity of well disposed persons, &c.

Certainly, had he told Mr. *Sharp* this Story, he could not have been so severe to him; especially, if he had produced that undenyable proof he always carries about him, as plainly appeared to some Gentlemen that went into the Water with him last Summer, and are ready to depose that the Marks of the Lashes which have been so freely laid on, are still visible on his back in long blue Stigma's; Yea, as visible as the Letters on his right hand, and much more than that in the brawn of his left Thumb. This Heroe is too well mark'd to be forgotten, though his modesty has made him so silent in his own praise, that he has omitted most of his strange and unparallel'd Adventures in *England*, *Scotland*, *Ireland*, *France*, *Spain*, *Flanders* and *Holland*; and elsewhere on the Coast of *Guiny* and *Barbadoes*, &c. Together with the Just and Generous Entertainments he found in the Inchanred Castles of *Chelmsford*, *Newgate*, *Antwerp*, *York*, *Callice*, *Salisbury*, *Winbourn*, *West-chester*, *Reading*, *Abbingdon*, the Gate-house, *Dublin*, the Counter, the Kings-bench, with many more, too long to be related, and too Chargeable for me to take off the Records.

But as the skilful Statuary could guess at *Hercules's* height by the length of his foot, so I doubt not but the Judicious Reader by the sight of the Records I have produc'd, will easily be perswaded to believe the rest, and think his life so remarkable, that it exceeds all the Worthies of his Quality that have gone before him, and is unmatched, Even in this Age; That produces such Monstrous Gigantick Masters of the Diabolical Arts, as himself, Captain *Spurn Cow*, the Horse-Stealer; *Parson lack Latine*; *Don Cappadocia*, Squire of the Plow-rail; *Horse Proud*, The Narrative Colonel, *Merry Tom* of *St. Ann's Lane Westminster*; And the rest, whose Histories when they appear to future Ages, will much out-do the *Spanish Guzman*; the *English Rague*, and the *Italian Bandetto mengone*, that is made famous to Posterity, by being adjudged to end his days in an Iron Cage on the top of a Tower, where he lived Twentyodd years, a great example of Gods Justice, and at the end thereof, beat out his Brains against the Bars of the Cage; as *Bajazet* had done before him, this being within Mans memory, and some persons as I am Credibly informed, yet living in *London* that have seen him; And if these Worthies of our Age have Justice done them according to their Merit, the same perhaps may live to see them as well provided for, at the Publick Change.

Psalm 121. 1, 3. The Fool hath said in his Heart there is no God; they are corrupt, they have done Abominable Works, there is none that doth good. They are all gone aside, they are altogether filthy, there is none, that doth Good, no not one.

Psalm 50. 22. Now consider this ye that forget God; lest he tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver.

I understand that the Gentleman is going to Publish his life at large, by the name of *Don Francisco de Carombona*, in attestation of the Truth of which, this short Epistle of his Fortunes and Vertues is published by

Elizabeth Cellier.